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CAP AND GOWN IN PROSE

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L. C. PAGE AND COMPANY
(Incorporated)
212 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

CAP AND GOWN

IN PROSE

Short Sketches Selected from Undergraduate Periodicals of Recent Years

EDITED BY

R. L. PAGET

EDITOR OF "POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM," "THE POETRY OF AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR," ETC.

Frederic L. Knowles.

BOSTON

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

THE editor of "Cap and Gown Second Series" reminded his readers, it will be remembered, that college verse must not be taken too seriously. The same thing may of course be said of college prose. But in the latter case there is small need of such warning; only the Sophomore and his admiring sisters will regard with any degree of awe the "fortnightly theme" on "George Eliot as an Ethical Guide," or "The Classical Spirit in Arnold's Poetry," or will be fired with enthusiasm for the society story and the tale of adventure adorning the pages of the "Lit." Prose, as ordinarily written, lacks those double advantages of verse, jingle and brevity. It is either good or fatally dull.

Here is the difficulty which the editor of the present volume, who wished above all that his book might be entertaining, faced at the outset. How should he overcome the prejudice excited in advance by the word "prose"?

In the first place, it was plain that the selections should be short. Moreover, they should, so far as possible, be concerned with scenes drawn from actual life. Finally, the point of view should be that of youth.

If this aim has been carried out with even approximate success, these sketches are not without elements of unique value. Life as it now appears to the philosopher he can describe for us, but life as it appeared to him in youth he can hardly trust himself to picture. That this little book is representative of the best prose composition of American colleges its editor would hesitate to assert. Nor does he claim for the compilation that it represents the relative merit of the English departments in various colleges. It aims to entertain; to suggest the college atmosphere and the college point of view; to remind the graybeard of the days when campus, gridiron, diamond, track, "Prom," and grind were words which stood for things that made up a large part of his real world; and, finally, to show how near in some instances the natural portrayal of simple things in the fewest words may approach originality.

It has proved unavoidable that some colleges

are much more fully represented than others. Certain undergraduate papers seldom publish short prose contributions. A number of college periodicals, which have only one or two selections to their credit, might stand among the most prominent in the book if the ability they expend on long descriptions were turned in the direction of "kodak shots." The colleges whose English departments make the most of daily theme courses are naturally much in evidence in a compilation of this character.

In some cases papers are not represented, or are represented by fewer selections than might be desirable, because complete files had not been kept or were unattainable.

It is possible that some readers will discover the "college man" of their fancy to be an idol of clay. The editor can reply only that he has given a picture of the student photographed by the student himself. His excuse is the truth of the portrait. The typical undergraduate is addicted neither to vice nor to virtue. He is no longer a child, but he is certainly boy all over. Merry and light-hearted rather than flippant, frequently an encyclopedia of slang, always fond of playing jokes on his comrades and sometimes

of outwitting his professors, his whole creed honour (which he insists on defining himself), — he is after all very lovable and unspoiled. To object to him is to find fault with human nature.

The compiler returns hearty thanks to the editors and business managers of the different papers for their numerous courtesies. Without their generous coöperation the book would have been impossible. He would also thank Mr. F. W. C. Hersey, of Cambridge, Mass., Mr. B. S. Monroe, of Romulus, N. Y., and the Librarian of the Dartmouth College Library for the loan of files of college magazines in their possession.

Boston, Mass., May 1, 1900.

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Bowdoin College . . .	*Bowdoin Quill.*
Brown University . .	*Brunonian.*
Bryn Mawr College .	*Bryn Mawr Lantern.*
Chicago University . .	*University of Chicago Weekly.*
Columbia University .	*Columbia Literary Monthly.*
	Columbia Spectator.
	The Morningside.
Cornell University . .	*Cornell Magazine.*
	Cornell Widow.
Dartmouth College. .	*Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*
Hamilton College . .	*Hamilton Literary Magazine.*
Harvard University .	*Harvard Advocate.*
Leland Stanford University	*Sequoia.*
Mass. Institute of Technology	*Tech.*
Michigan University .	*Wrinkle.*
Mount Holyoke College	*The Mount Holyoke.*

Pennsylvania, University of	*Red and Blue.*
Princeton University	*Nassau Literary Monthly.*
	Princeton Tiger.
Radcliffe College	*Radcliffe Magazine.*
Smith College	*Smith College Monthly.*
Trinity College	*Trinity Tablet.*
Tufts College	*Tuftonian.*
Vassar College	*Vassar Miscellany.*
Wellesley College	*Wellesley Magazine.*
Wells College	*Wells College Chronicle.*
Wesleyan University	*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*
Western Reserve University	*College Folio.*
Williams College	*Williams Literary Monthly.*
Wisconsin, University of	*Wisconsin Ægis.*
Yale University	*Yale Courant.*
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Ready.

"I SHALL say, 'Are you ready?' once; and then, if I hear no reply, I shall say, 'Go.'" The referee's voice sounds hollow and harsh through the megaphone.

I take one last glance over my shoulder at the other crews. They are both set, vindictive, and strong, coiled beautifully with power to spring. The challenge of their attitude sets my teeth, and as I turn my blade square and deep in the water, and feel it snug against the thole-pin, with a tight grip of both hands for the wrench, the intolerable and consuming nervousness of the past hours goes from me. I am conscious only of a tingling in my temples, and

the sense of a great clearness somewhere above and before my eyes.

Then like the voice of Fate, —

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" —

I know nothing but the nape of 4's neck.

"Go!"

Harvard Advocate.

A Reminiscence.

"YALE!"

He was down at the start of the hundred yards, and his cry came with the crack of the pistol that started the four men down the cinder track toward the crowd with the hole in it at the finish. He had no business there. The Executive Committee had expressly forbidden any such thing as coaching, and yet he was there, — he always is there, — and his shout had scarcely less of command, scarcely less of thrilling demand in it than the pistol-shot itself.

It was a small thing, but, as the crowd prepared to swallow up the bare-legged runners, and the man who had shouted grew ridiculously excited, the lone Cornellian who had been standing by turned away to saunter off across the

Oval with that stirring "*Yale!*" in his ears, and doing a deal of thinking meanwhile. How that boy must have felt! How he must have heard it ringing in his ears, and felt it throbbing through his brain after all else was gone, in the dreadful weariness that was crowding on his breast! Perhaps his mother was over in the grand stand, and some one with her who could point him out; perhaps it was a big brother who had taken him by the shoulders that morning, had looked into his eyes, and had said something beginning, "Jack, old man," that had made him feel older all of a sudden, — had made him know that "brother" might mean more than he had ever felt before; perhaps Somebody Else was there who had given him just a glance that had not made him think anything about sisters. Perhaps, but who can imagine what is in a boy's head? Whatever it was, it was all gone long before he had reached the press-stands; his heart was pumping "Yale!" into his reeling brain. He *will* go faster. There is a great "Must!" upon him. Faster! Faster! Ah-h-h! And the man that caught him as his breast broke the string heard him gasp, "Yale!"

Well, he was a very foolish boy, of course,

and his mother and his father and the rest ought to have been ashamed to be proud of him; but that is not what was in the Cornellian's mind, as the shouts of the crowd struck back from the green hillside. His heart had gone back to Ithaca. He practised it over softly to himself, "Cornell!" And he tried again and again to fancy it blending with a pistol-shot and transforming a bare-headed boy in white into a fierce, panting bit of the university.

E. P. Andrews.

Cornell Magazine.

At the Game.

Dora: Jack, is it the interference when the umpire interferes with the game, and makes them stop to catch their breath?

Jack: No, Dora, it's —

Dora: Oh, there they go again. That man with the red hair has got the goal, and is running with it for all he's worth. There, they've got him down, and they've all touched him. Now is he a touchdown, dear?

Jack (with emphasis): Oh, no, you girls —

Dora: There, Jack, see, wasn't that pretty?

The man with an M on his perspirationer kicked the goal over that long pole between those sticks. Does he kick it half way from there, and do they call that then the half back, Jack?

Jack: Oh my, Dora, do keep still, there is Miss Hardy, of the Vassar eleven, in the next coach. I'm so afraid she'll hear you, and —

Dora: Why, Jack! What if she should? Is she a Vassar player, really, Jack? She'll have her hair all ready long, won't she? I think I'll organise a society for playing football. Could I, do you suppose?

Jack (dolefully): No doubt of it, Dora.

A few minutes' pause.

Dora: Is the captain that man in the Fedora hat, who runs with a cane every time they tackle?

Jack: No, he's the umpire, dear.

Dora: Are you sure, Jack? And the man with the stick of wood, is he keeping the score with notches?

Jack: Oh, Dora —

Dora (rapturously): There they go again. Oh, see there, there's that funny little duck

who falls down first every time, the one who takes the football from the big fat man — what's he, Jack?

Jack (in desperation): The official timekeeper, dear.

Dora: Isn't it lovely to come to the game, Jack? It's all so exciting, and when you've read up and know the plays, it makes it twice as interesting, doesn't it, you old enthusiast? And I did it all for you, too.

Jack: So kind of you, I'm sure, Dora.

Dora (after the home team failed to kick goal): Ha, ha, did you see that, Jack? Why didn't they all go for him when he kicked the ball? So stupid, everybody seemed to be petrified, and not one made a move.

Jack: Oh, Dora, you never —

Dora: Won't I, Jack? I don't care, I just came to please you, and now you don't seem to appreciate what a martyr I am.

Jack: Nor you what a martyr I am.

Then there was another long pause, and during it Dora's lip trembled once. But, finally, the woman's old inquisitiveness came back to her, and she touched Jack's elbow.

"Jack, just one more please, and then I'll not

say another thing. What does the M stand for, Michigan or Minnesota?"

And Jack just caught himself in time not to say, "Mephistopheles."

GEORGE RUSSELL BARKER.

Wrinkle.

In the Shell.

FOR two hours we had sat in our shell in the midst of the rain. The swift-blown mist had soaked gradually through our sweaters, which hung on our shoulders like heavy bags. From my place at bow, I could see the water run in big, round drops down the back hair of Number 2, and, gathering on the ends of it and on the lobes of his ears, drip slowly on to his shoulders. Even the oar handles were so wet that I rubbed my hand now and then down my wet sweater. We had quite got beyond the civilised wish for dryness. As we heaved back and forth, steaming and warm, we felt all the indifference to the rain of an out-door animal.

Harvard Advocate.

"On Linden."

"THE only connection I ever had with oratory in my college career," said Ned Jeffries, Columbia '78, to a group of graduates at the Chicago debate, "was through a course in declamation in my Freshman year. I came nearer to flunking that course than any course I ever took in college, and that is saying a good deal. If it hadn't been for Phil Harkness, I should have flunked it. Each man was supposed to recite some piece or other four times a term. Something had prevented my preparing anything the first time that I ought to have spoken, and Benson, who was giving the course, recorded a flat failure for me.

"The next time I did not remember that I had to speak until I got into the room, when it was too late to prepare anything. To flunk that time meant a sure flunk at the end of the term. I had to say something. I thought of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' 'Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, something and thundered.' I couldn't remember the rest. I had an idea that the 'Wreck of the Hesperus'

might do, and asked Phil if that wasn't the one where the captain 'staggered down the stair.' Phil wasn't sure, but thought not. He suggested 'On Linden when the sun was low,' but some one had spoken that every time, and, anyway, I only knew the first verse. Phil thought awhile, then he started suddenly.

"'I've got it,' he said. 'You go ahead with "On Linden."'

"'But I only know the first verse,' I objected.

"'I'll see that you don't need any more,' said Phil.

"'But how —'

"'Never mind. You get up there and speak your first verse.'

"Phil wrote something on a sheet of paper and passed it to the man next to him. The latter chuckled happily as he read it, nodded to Phil, and passed it on.

"Well, I had confidence in Phil, so when Benson called on me, I went up to the platform, struck my finest attitude, and began:

"'On Linden when the sun was low' —

"'Chestnuts, chestnuts,' came in Phil's voice from the back of the room.

"'All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,' I went on, impressively.

"'Oh, give us a rest!' 'Chestnuts!' 'We've heard that before,' came from all over the room, Phil leading the tumult.

"'Iser rolling rapidly' was greeted by a perfect howl. I had said all I knew, so I stopped, pretended to stammer a little and turned to Benson.

"'It's very hard for me to speak, sir,' I said, apologetically, looking at the shouting class in front of me.

"I knew Benson thought it beneath his dignity as a college professor to take any notice of a breach of discipline, so the only way that he could express his anger was by taking my side against the howling class.

"'Certainly, Mr. Jeffries, it is very difficult indeed,' he said, with an angry look at the class. 'You are doing remarkably well. Go on.'

"That was just what I could not do. I began again.

"'On Linden when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow.'

"'Oh, dry up!' shouted Phil, and the uproar broke out again. It was, of course, useless to attempt to speak against it. I hesitated, stopped, and looked at Benson.

"'That will do, Mr. Jeffries,' said he. 'Very good, indeed. It is disgraceful that you should be interrupted in this way. I will give you the maximum. The class is dismissed for to-day.'"

J. M.

The Morningside.

From a College Man's Journal.

At about eight o'clock of an evening you shut your yellow-back, light your pipe, and get into harness with the intention of doing four days' work in one. At nine you are in full working stride, and the door-bell rings. You pay no attention to him as he enters. He carries an obtrusive fresh-lit cigar and an air of jauntiness that says, "Ah! Working? I haven't anything until next Friday."

Conversation, except of the most vapid and unprofitable sort, is impossible. You aren't interested in hypotheses based upon the probable victory of Tufts 2000 over Harvard. Work,

too, is out of the question. He wanders around the house like a draught, — a ghastly, door-creaking, curtain-banging draught; quiet, persistent, maddening. He dissolves somewhere in the kitchen and reappears with a coal-scuttle. "Let's have a fire, it's so cheerful, you know. No? Work? Gad, man, it's foolish to work," and he resumes his mooning around, whistling tattered fragments of opera as he goes. You are reduced to a state of nervous coma in which you sit and watch him from beneath your green shade, furtively, fearfully, malignantly.

Finally, at eleven he chances upon the open door, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts drifts out; says that he'll call again when you aren't busy, and immediately reappears at the window to tap idiotically, and say good night.

We call him the last straw.

The Tuftonian.

The Girl in Blue.

"READY!"

"Get set!!"

"Bang!!!"

You are off like a rabbit at the sound of the dogs, and running like a whirlwind. You pass a number of men, a couple pass you. The first lap is run, and the race has settled down into a swift procession in which every man keeps his place. As you get around again, you notice a pretty girl in blue near the corner. Perhaps it is because of your red band, but she smiles slightly as you pass, and the next time you reach the corner, and the next. A bell is ringing, the signal that it is the last lap. You try to spurt, but your legs refuse to hurry faster. Ah! you started in too fast. A red jersey flashes by you, then another, then a blue one. Everybody is shouting. You stop. They are shaking hands with the man in the red jersey. They tell you you were about sixth. And the girl in blue, — how can you walk by her? Easily enough, she is not looking at you at all.

Harvard Advocate.

Those Teas and Things.

"WELL, of all the stupid, uninteresting ——" These and some other words, which I do not care to repeat, profaned Philebrown's entrance. I laid down my pen at once. This was cheerful and enlivening. "Come in, Philly," said I, affably. "Have a cigarette, and confide your sorrows to this trusty bosom." Philly murmured something decidedly uncomplimentary to my bosom, but entered in a cyclonic style. Having banged the door, thrown his tile hat and his overcoat into a corner, and kicked over the fire irons, he subsided moodily into a chair. I forbore to break the silence.

Long acquaintance with Philebrown has given me a somewhat definite insight into his moods. He is a tall person, inclined to lankness, excitable, but with a saving sense of humour; on his guard immediately at an attempt to draw him out, but, left alone, confiding as a child. Therefore I held my peace and contemplated Philly.

"I sha'n't go again," he finally burst out, regarding me defiantly.

"Ah," I remarked, softly, "you have been

once more to a tea —— Oh, yes, I'm listening; go on."

"Well, as I said, of all the uninteresting ——"

"Humanity in the mass is always uninteresting," I murmured.

"How some fellows can go it week in and week out, I can't imagine. Why, it's — it's a sign of mental ——"

"Have another cigarette, Philly."

"Thanks. But as I was saying about those teas and things. You go and see a roomful of girls — pretty? Yes, they're pretty enough, — of course a man likes to see a pretty girl — every one does, — but it reminds me of this pink and yellow candy in glass jars, — fearful sweet stuff, you know, and bad for the digestion. I'd rather chew sassafras root."

Here Philly subsided again.

"Go on, Philly," I entreated; "this is beautiful. And from a college man — alas the day!"

"What I want to know is, what do you say to 'em?" demanded Philly, aggressively. "Aren't there any sensible girls? I suppose a man must give receipts for rare-bit and fudge, whatever

that is, and babble about the weather, and giggle about the girl in the corner, or talk of the horrid professors. That's what they seemed to be doing for the most part."

"Philly," said I, gravely, "I am a Junior and you are but a Sophomore. Hear me. There may be those who are interesting. I can't say. This much is so: lions and lambs do not as yet congregate together. A man dare not take an interesting homely girl to anything. She will have a disagreeable time in a corner. To be a social bluffer is an enviable distinction, but it entails much weariness of the flesh, much passing over of intellectual deficiency, and an unending search for that rare bird, — the pretty girl."

Philly was silent for a moment.

"Well, I say," he began, "that a man's college is for men. I'd rather see a college full of good, honest sports, than a gang of fellows who swarm to dances like flies around a honey-pot. I had!" he asserted, savagely.

"You're an orator, a Demosthenes, a — Chief Justice, Philebrown," I interposed.

"Look at the men who go over ——"

"Tut, tut, take another cigarette," said I.

"Well, anyway," said Philly, with a sigh of relief, "that's the way I feel about it, and if I ever have a girl, you can be sure of one thing, I sha'n't send her to ——"

"Hush, Philly, old man, this is heresy, rank heresy. Come on; there's the dinner-bell."

E. B. Pottle.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

Child Sketches.

The little boy crept up on my knee and sat a moment, pulling thoughtfully on my watch-chain. In the half twilight he looked very solemn and dignified.

"How old are you, Johnny Tupper?" I finally remarked, as a means of starting conversation. His long lashes touched his cheek.

"Oh, Ise pretty near seben," he replied.

"Well, how near?" I asked. "'Bout five?"

His round, chubby face bobbed up. "Yes," he replied, with a frank little smile.

For a moment he fumbled, half-bashfully, with the button at the top of my waistcoat, smiling to himself; then he leaned his cool cheek close to mine and asked, confidingly:

"Say! do people grow very much on their birthdays?"

"Well, well," roared the old stage-driver, tucking the robe around the little girl's feet, "goin' home, be yer? I reckoned as much when I see yer ma this mornin'. What do you suppose I ketched her doin'?"

"What?" said the little girl, looking up at the old man with a scared expression. Perhaps she was thinking of her own escapades in the pantry.

"Waal," answered the old fellow, "if you won't tell yer ma I told yer, listen here." (And he leaned down so that his white beard was close to the little girl's ear.) "She was makin' cookies, Susan, cookies built like a S."

In the middle of the slushy road, under a big elm-tree, we met a small child. He was busily clawing up the snow at one end of a puddle so as to make a dam; and all the while he hummed softly to himself. We spoke to him, I think; perhaps asked him our way; but he could not answer. He gave us one glance out of big eyes, and went on humming, and scraping, and patting the snow.

The dirt-court glared with the afternoon's heat, and the two girls, who had been decoyed into game after game by their well-matched skill, were now well-nigh exhausted. A group of bare-legged pickaninnies watched the game with grinning interest.

"My vantage," shouted the server.

As the ball whizzed low over the net, the receiver, with desperate effort, gave her racquet full sweep — the ball flew back, over the server's head, and down the asphalt street. One of the small darkies bounded after it, and the hot asphalt yielded under his footsteps like the cooled lava crust over a boiling volcano. He caught the ball, pocketed it, and walked away whistling.

"Stop there," called the players; "where are you going with that ball?"

The brown imp thrust both hands into his ragged pockets, as he turned and shouted:

"Goin' to de devil; wan' ter come along?"

Harvard Advocate.

A Choice: Part One.

THE whole thing began this way. As the car rounded the corner and swung into Fourth Avenue, Tim dropped off first. I came next. There was some joke or other among the fellows, and I suppose I wasn't noticing much where I was going. I remember that some one yelled at me, and that a copper on the corner waved his arms and started to run forward, and then something caught me behind the shoulder like a ton of brick, and shot me over the cobbles on my face. It was quite like bucking the interference in a Yale game, and what made it so real was that something went bumping over me just as the backs do when you get in their way.

At the second bump, the stones against my head felt very soft, and I was wondering at this when all of a sudden I fell asleep.

The next thing I remember was hearing Tim's voice. I can't recollect the exact words, but you wouldn't care to hear them if I could. I opened my eyes, and you may imagine my surprise at finding the ceiling of the Murray Hill

above me. I couldn't begin to count the bell-boys and porters and clerks that stood around, but they irritated me horribly. Some one brought some kind of a stretcher thing, and laid it on the floor beside me. Then I went to sleep again.

It was funny the way they changed things about. When I woke up they had made the office much smaller, and repapered the walls, and put in a bureau and the bed I was lying on, and lots of things that looked very much out of place. Tim and Jerry were sitting at the foot of the bed, looking out of the window.

I remember Tim saying: "Well, this does for us when they try us through left guard, all right." Then both of them growled a bit and kicked their chair legs. "You've got to put Mugs in the game now," Jerry said. Tim growled again, got up and went over to the window.

The door opened, and Billy the trainer slid in. "We've got to start in a minute, boys," he said, snapping his watch. They all turned to look at me, and when I cocked an eye at them they came over to the bed. "What's the game?" I asked, huskily.

They all three started to talk, and then stopped. Finally Tim said: "You've been broken up a bit, old man, and we've got to leave you here for awhile." He was not looking at me. Neither was Jerry. "And miss the game?" I asked. My voice sounded very queer. "Doctor's orders," said some one.

I looked out of the window. It was a beautiful day — regular football weather. Then Tim took my hand and sat down on the bedside, and talked to me for some time in the way he has.

"We'll get some one who's not on the team to stay with you," he said, finally, "and is there any one in New York we can send for?"

"I won't have any one stay," I said; "and there's no one to send for." They all looked at me very solemnly. Then they shook hands with me. "Good-bye, me boy," said Billy. "Good-bye, old man," said Tim and Jerry, "till to-night." They went out. By and by a nurse came in. All the rest of the morning she sat by the window reading.

The little clock on the bureau pointed to three o'clock. I knew what they were doing miles away. There was a big orange and black bank

on one side of a field, and a blue bank on the other. Tim and a man in a blue sweater were tossing a coin in the middle of the field. And I should have been there, to run forward, and butt my shoulder up against some one and tear over him, and fall underneath the pile, and hear the whistle blow faintly above the grinding of leather. Instead of that it was some one else. I'd worked hard all year for it, and now it was some one else. It was pretty hard lines, wasn't it?

The nurse came to the bed. "Did you call?" she asked. "No," I said, and turned my head away.

Princeton Tiger.

A Choice: Part Two.

THERE was a little knock on the door. It opened, and I give you my word my heart jumped clear up in my mouth. She was standing in the entrance with a boa and a muff of gray fox, and the nicest little hat over her eyes — all alone. She looked frightened.

The nurse went over, and they whispered together. She never took her eyes off my face,

and I know I was staring at her with my mouth open.

The nurse went out, and she came over and sat down beside me. I didn't say anything. I couldn't. Finally she said, "Poor Tom," but you can't get any idea just how she said it.

"How did you know?" I asked when I found my voice. She drew an extra out of her muff and showed me the big black headlines:

YALE LUCK AGAIN.

PRINCETON'S LEFT GUARD TACKLES A TRUCK AND IS PUT ON THE SHELF.

I was reading it for the third time when she said: "Is it very dangerous, Tom? Can't I do anything? I came right away — without a word to any one. I knew they'd leave you for the game." "You were going yourself!" I cried, remorsefully. She shook her head. "I don't want to," she said. I looked out of the window for a long time. The first half must have been over long ago. If I only knew. I felt her hand on mine. "Tom," she said. "I wonder," I remarked mostly to myself, "if they are trying the fullback tricks." "Tom," she said,

"I want to tell you something." "If I only knew which was winning," I muttered to the wall.

"Tom!" There was a break in her voice. I looked at the clock. "Why, the game's over!" I cried. "We've won or we've lost!" There was a noise in the street below, a clatter of feet, and a crying of shrill voices. "The extras are out" — I tried to sit up, and the room began to whirl dangerously. "Which won — you can find out at the window, Marie — which won?" She went to the window — but how slowly! She listened for a moment, and then turned. "Which won?" I repeated. The shadow fell across her face. "I came to answer something," she said, steadily, "that you asked me last week. Which do you care to hear — that or the result of the game?"

I'm afraid I didn't quite understand her at first. The noise outside grew fainter and fainter. You know her face was in the dusk, and I raised myself to see her more plainly. Then the room went round again, and I dropped back against the headboard. And the next thing I knew, she was beside the bed, telling me both in the same breath.

Princeton Tiger.

An Unplayed Trump.

HAT in hand, Freshman Black, with bowed head, thoughtfully trudged up the stairs into the dean's office. From under one arm was sticking his big black-covered note-book. On the fingers of his left hand he was making a careful computation.

"At four — too young; at eight — sick abed; at twelve — one hundred and eightieth meridian; sixteen this month. There, that ought to be good," he growled to himself, as he gave an officious thump on the door at the head of the stairs.

The dean was busy. Black sat down in one of the empty chairs. It was his first invasion of the official apartments since he had taken out his Freshman Bible. His inexperience occasioned him not a few misgivings, which were not allayed at all by the rather dejecting dismissal of two Juniors, who he knew had come on errands similar to his own. However, he felt himself well prepared.

"Good morning, Black," very shortly.

"Good morning, professor. I intend to go

home during Washington's Birthday recess, and I wish to speak with you about — "

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the dean, "about an extension of time. Very sorry, Black, but no excuses are to be given this year. I have refused fifty men already, and must treat all alike."

"I see that, professor, of course, but I have got — "

"An ulcerated tooth. I understand perfectly, Black. Very unfortunate, but you see so many are afflicted with that same malady, at precisely this time every year, that I positively cannot grant absences on account of it. If every ulcerated tooth in this college were to be extracted, half the Freshman class would be in bandages."

"So I have been told, professor, but some one must have misinformed you in regard to my case. I've got full sets of false teeth in both jaws. What I was about to say was, that my sister — "

"Yes, yes, yes, Black, I understand, I understand. Your sister is just on the point of death. I am just as sorry as I can be, but I couldn't let you go if your whole family had the yellow fever

and you were the only nurse available. Good morning."

"Again you have been misinformed, sir," went on the complacent Freshman. "My sister is in charming health. She will be sixteen years old the twenty-ninth of this month, and that's why I want to go home. This is but the third birthday that she has ever had, and, naturally enough, she wants me to be there."

"Third!" thundered the dean. "I thought you said she was sixteen."

"She *is* sixteen," Black went on, hotly, "but didn't I tell you she was born on February 29th? Her birthday comes only once in four years. Her first one, when she was four, she was too young to have any fun out of it. On her second, when she was eight, she was sick abed. On her third, when she was twelve, we were travelling, and happened just then to be crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian. The time reckoning did us out of that day. The poor girl has only had two birthdays, so you will see now why I am so anxious about getting home."

"Black," said the dean, slowly, "as annually happens at this time, in the last two days I have had twenty-seven cases of ulcerated teeth, thir-

teen business appointments, eight dead grandparents, six fatal illnesses, three marriages, and two departures for Europe. Black, even a dean appreciates originality. Black, you are excused for two weeks."

"I didn't have the heart to tell the young rascal," chuckled the good-natured dean to himself, as the delighted Freshman rushed down the stairs two steps at a jump, "I didn't have the heart to tell him I happened to know that he is an only child."

F. V. Bennis.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

In Perspective.

All of a sudden the two narrow specks away up-stream flashed in the sunlight. From the two tugs, great black clouds of smoke began to roll up, and there was a faint whistle.

The 'Varsity eights were off.

On they came, the two narrow specks, like swift waterbugs, with their long, thin legs working rapidly on each side. As they approached, the lines lengthened and the eight divisions of each could be seen, each moving for itself and

yet all working together, like the ridged back of a caterpillar. Behind each, the two tugs black with men, with clouds of oily smoke pouring up from their funnels and rolling up before them a surging fold of green water, steamed heavily along.

Harvard Advocate.

Three.

Now Tom Ralston, as everybody knew, was the pleasantest and laziest and best-natured fellow in the world, and everybody knowing that took advantage of it and of him. He couldn't say no to any one or anything. No one ever knew him to refuse to do a favour at any cost to himself, and presently he was the best liked and worst abused man in the place.

His particular forte was answering "Here" for other men who for various reasons saw fit to absent themselves from divers and sundry recitations and lectures, especially eight o'clocks. His one particular failing, his friends said, was that he could not or would not cut lectures, and he was thus a useful man to know, his friendship being especially cultivated by men who did cut.

He answered to the names of his friends when asked to do so — and that was very often — with painstaking care. But one day, when he had answered for five men at one lecture, it occurred to him of a sudden he was somehow being imposed on. It was hard work to remember to answer for them in the right place. Now the best-natured of us do not like to think our kindness is being taken advantage of, and the more Tom thought the situation over, the more firmly he became convinced this thing must stop. For a time he was puzzled to find just how this could be done. It was no use to tell the men he wouldn't, that would make hard feeling, it would take a lot of time and trouble, and it would be months before men would quit asking him. Some simpler plan must be devised that would be quick, effective, and universal, something that would impress his change of heart forcibly on their minds. He said nothing to any one about his decision. He was not that kind. He kept his own counsel and, having a sense of humour, devised a plan presently, in his easy-going way, that he thought would work.

Professor Summers's class was very large. Three times a week he lectured to two or three

hundred men of several classes and courses. Tom's friends mustered into these lectures in force, and it was here he was obliged to perjure himself oftenest. Here it was, then, that his plan must be put in execution.

One evening, going down-town for the mail after tea, he met a chum. "By the way, Charlie," he said, "I'm going to cut Prof. Summers in the morning. Answer for me, will you?"

"Glad to," said Charlie.

He met another an instant later, with the same request and answer, and another, till he had unostentatiously pledged some twenty-five or thirty men to respond to his name. Then he dropped in on several men on his way up and got them. At breakfast he asked some more, and all he met on their way up, till half the class had agreed to assure the mild professor of his presence.

Then when they had gone rejoicing on their way, with his slow, sweet smile, he strolled up the campus and dropped unnoticed into a seat by the lecture-room door, as the roll was being called. It went as peacefully and monotonously as usual. "Adams, Alexander, Arkwright,

Baldwin, Berdick, Binks, Blinn," and the "here," "here," "here," "here," "here," till along at the end there came "Perkins," "here," "Platt," "here," "Prather," "here," — "Ralston," and with an emphasis that rattled the windows, half the class answered "*Here!*"

Then there was a sudden hush. In deathlike silence each of the obliging men looked curiously, then angrily, around at his companions, suspecting that somehow he had been betrayed, yet not fully understanding how. The other half of the class looked even more stupefied, but, supposing there was some joke on the professor, laughed. The professor himself, startled from the dull routine of the roll-call, looked up in puzzled surprise, not unmixed with anger, but seeing an equally puzzled look on the faces of some of the men nearest to him, waited a moment and called again "Ralston!" And from the far corner where Tom sat with his slow, sweet smile, there came with startling distinctness his "Here!" that turned his half of the class in their seats as if they had been moved by an electric shock. But he sat and smiled pleasantly at them.

Then the old professor looked over his glasses. "Mr. Ralston," said he, "will you kindly stop

a moment at the desk after the lecture? I would like to speak to you." And so after the lecture Tom went slowly up to the desk while his friends waited outside.

"Mr. Ralston," said the professor, "that was a curious manifestation in class to-day."

"Yes," said Tom, encouragingly.

"Do you — ah — happen to know, Mr. Ralston, the — ah — names of any of those young men who — ah — put up that joke on you this morning?"

And Tom, with smiling truthfulness, assured the dear old man that he knew no man who had played any joke on him that morning.

But the anxious friends who awaited him outside assured him in turn, on his emerging safe from the hands of the professor, that if he ever dared tell that story while he was in college, they would do themselves the honour of attending his execution *en masse*. And he, having sufficiently impressed his point on their minds by his little joke, and having through it become a college tradition, be it said to his honour, never did tell the story till years afterward when he came back an alumnus.

Cornell Magazine.

A Believer in Class Spirit.

WHILE in college Charley West had been a loyal and devoted member of the class of 1900. Throughout his course he had always signed himself, "Charles S. West, 1900," and this became so strong a habit that he found it hard to break in the first few years after his graduation. He found himself still putting "1900" after his signature, and when starting to Cuba to accept a position as civil engineer, he discovered that he had absent-mindedly added the cherished numerals to his signature in the passenger list of the Santiago line. "There's no such room in the boat," the purser had reminded him, with an indulgent smile.

Charley did not build any great hopes on his new appointment. The company was just being formed, for the purpose of building a railroad from Santiago to a point some forty miles east, and Charley was engaged to assist the surveying party in laying out the road. Unfortunately, the financial backing of the new concern did not look promising.

For several days the subscription books of the Santiago and Eastern Railroad Company, as it was called, were open for local investments. As the engraved stock certificates were not yet ready, the subscribers were given temporary receipts. Those who wanted only one share were to sign simply their names, while those who desired more were to indicate after their names the number of shares desired. Charley West thought he might as well buy a share in his own company, — they were selling at twenty-five dollars, but he would not be able to pay for it till he had received his first salary, at the end of the week. Consequently he signed his name in the book, and, instead of making the usual deposit asked the clerk in charge if he could be given credit till Saturday morning. The clerk, knowing of his connection with the company, readily agreed, and Charley left the office with hardly a thought of his investment. He intended to call Saturday morning, pay for his share, and receive a receipt or a certificate.

The next morning, Tuesday, he learned that lack of confidence in the company had caused the stock to fall to 15 in the Havana market.

"Well, I'd be out ten dollars if I sold now," he told himself.

Wednesday morning, as he was about to leave his lodgings at Santiago to depart for the scene of the day's work, a friend called him back to show him an item in the *Santiago Cuban-American.*

"Listen to this, Charley, that stock of yours is going up. Look at the headlines:

RISE IN SANTIAGO AND EASTERN.

INTRODUCTION OF AMERICAN CAPITAL BOOMS RAILROAD STOCK.

"Ah! To proceed.

"'It was stated last evening at the offices of the Santiago and Eastern Railroad Company that a syndicate of American capitalists had made an offer for all the unsubscribed stock of the company, acceptance of which was promptly given. The syndicate agents, who are now in the city, have been thoroughly investigating the new company and its projects, and say that the work will be vigorously prosecuted,' etc., etc. It goes on to say that the stock has risen to 60."

"Jumping Jupiter!" shouted Charley. "I'm in thirty-five dollars!"

"Just wait awhile, old man, — I see your name down here somewhere, and I'll read what it says:

"'Several local investors were prudent enough to secure seats in the band-wagon before the rise. Most of the orders were for small amounts, however. In fact, the only investment of any consequence is that of Mr. Charles S. West, whose name is down for *nineteen hundred*' — Great Scott, man, do you mean to say you bought — "

"Hurrah for 'Naughty-aught!'" cried Charley, who was just comprehending the situation. For a moment he did some figuring on the margin of the newspaper. "I'm in sixty-six thousand five hundred dollars — and all because of my class spirit! I'm sure I can easily cover that bid — but wait till I tell you how it happened."

And yet there are those who say that a college education is of no practical value in later life!

James Albert Wales.
Trinity Tablet.

The Unexpected.

THERE were seven or eight of us in Dixon's room, shortly after the examinations, listening to a story which the lively Sophomore was telling.

"The jay was just going into University Hall when I let drive at him with a snow-ball, and —" He stopped suddenly and held up his hand for silence, while a look of alarm overspread his face.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! came the sound of slow footsteps in the hall.

"Flunk-notices!" said Dixon, tragically.

There came a sharp click at the letter-hole of the door and a letter dropped on the floor.

"Hang it all!" said Dixon, aggrieved. "That's just my infernal luck. I'll bet it's in chemistry." With disgust written all over his face he picked up the letter; then his expression changed to one of joy. He hastily tore open the envelope and held up a check for us to see.

"Whoop-la!" said Dixon. "It's from home and was sent to the steward's office by mistake! I'm getting tired of being scared that way at the

end of every term. Moral: don't cry till you are hurt."

"I should think," said Marvin, who was a student, "that there is a much plainer moral than that —"

But Dixon was dancing a startling sort of can-can, while he waved the check above his head.

Brunonian.

Two Yards to Gain.

We had only two yards to make to carry the ball over. "2–14–18 1-2–3," cried the quarter. I put my head down and dove for the line just as a brown streak twisted itself into my arms. I watched the brown wall ahead of me. "How long I was in reaching it! Would it never open!" Suddenly a break appeared, only to be stopped up by a brown object with a splash of white on top. I was lifted off my feet and thrown; but fell forward. As I fell, I caught a glimpse of the grayish-blue sky, rolling like the waves of the ocean, and on one side a high wall dotted with crimson specks which rose and fell like the hammers of a piano. Bright copper

discs suddenly burned my eyes. Then the most refreshing, cool darkness shut in.

Harvard Advocate.

A Chance Acquaintance.

It was a particularly attractive girl that sat opposite Jim Ware in the train that night, and Jim Ware had an eye for attractive girls. She had a *naïve* sort of look about her that quite charmed him, but even this failed to exert any salutary effects whatever, and I am ashamed to say that he stared across the aisle quite impolitely, and then coughed in a gentle but reprehensible manner.

His charmer looked up and caught his admiring glance, but she blushed slightly and made a pretence of being busy with some papers in her lap, not being able, however, to control a slight twitching at the corners of her mouth. Jim thought that these papers which she fumbled with were students' notes, but she was really too good-looking for a co-ed, and then, besides, who ever heard of a co-ed who would —well — who would smile at a strange man? So Jim beamed upon her again, and, assured

that his tentative efforts did not appear to have offended her to any particular extent, he exerted himself anew, and for the next five minutes shamefully neglected his evening paper.

"West Newton, West Newton!" screamed the brakeman.

Jim's station was next, and, realising that every moment was precious, he made a sign to the girl, and scribbled a couple of words on his card, observing with satisfaction that she was doing the like on one of the papers in her lap.

"Auburndale!" called the brakeman.

A skilful exchange of billets was but the work of a moment, and, emerging from the train, Jim hurried to the flickering gaslight at the station, and unfolded the crumpled note which his fair vis-à-vis had pressed into his hand. One side of the sheet was covered with print, of which Mr. Don Juan Ware caught a few words at the end:

". . . Think what joy there is in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. Turn ye therefore from your evil ways and sin no more."

(*Pub. by S. S. and Tract Union of the Evangelical Mission.*)

At the top were two lines in a delicate feminine hand, saying, "I hope you will come around to our meeting to-morrow night. Salvation Hall, up on Washington Street, you know."

But I have forgotten whether Jim went.

The Tech.

A Very Young Man.

He was a young man. For months he had worshipped the girl in blue, who sat opposite him in the parlour. He had never told her of his love. She didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late. She could only sigh and wait.

He was about to leave on his summer vacation, and had decided to spring the question uppermost in his mind. He kept it to himself until the last moment. It was 11.30 by the clock on the mantel. It was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Edith," he said, "I am going away to-morrow."

"Are you?" she asked, with all the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

She gazed tearfully at the clock.

"Yes," he replied, "are you sorry?"

"Very sorry," she murmured; "I thought you might be going to-night."

She glanced toward his chair. He had vanished.

K. E. H.
Wrinkle.

Her Moral Downfall.

CHARLEY certainly was happy with his devoted little wife, and showed in every possible way how dearly he loved her and appreciated all she did for him. Formerly Charley had been a club-man, but on being married had given this life up for a time.

The attractions of club life, however, were in the end too much for him, and the frequent pressing invitations were not to be resisted, so one evening he told his wife that he was going out "on very important business, my dear, and will not be home until quite late," and departed, leaving his latch-key in the left-hand pocket of his other trousers — as usual. Mrs. Dirgée paid a call upon her dearest friend, and stayed with her all evening, talking over the virtues of their ab-

sent acquaintances, the latest fashions in chatelaine reticules, the rival merits of cod-liver oil and Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic, how to fricassee oysters, and other choice bits of feminine conversation. When she got home she found the cook had taken advantage of her master's and mistress's absence, and had gone to call on *her* dearest friend, too.

The prospect of being alone in the house, for some little time, was by no means a pleasing one to Mrs. D., even though she was not a very nervous woman. She had quite a little courage, but the thought of all that silver in her room made her rather uneasy. She would have moved it if she could, but it was too heavy for her. However, she put a bold face on the matter, and locking up, and barricading her half-opened door with a chair, she went to bed.

About half-past eleven she woke up again. Neither Charley nor the girl had returned. She began to feel nervous. A beam creaked sharply and frightened her. The clicking of her clock grew louder and louder. She felt as if she were being suffocated. How she did wish Charley would return! She felt sure that, unless he came home very soon, something dreadful would

happen. She began to get very nervous. Burglars might get into the house and murder her, and steal her beloved punch-bowl. She imagined she could hear people walking around in the house. They might get in at a window — and then, with a dreadful sinking sensation, she remembered that she had left the parlour window unfastened. To go down and latch it now in the dark and cold was very hard to do; but she felt that she must. She arose in bed in order to go down and do so, but she fell back again, trembling with fear, and in a cold perspiration. She could hear the parlour window being gently raised! Heaven above us, burglars! So they had come at last! Oh, if Charley were only here! If he had returned earlier, she was sure she would have been saved this. She would be murdered; her silver punch-bowl would be stolen. What should she do? What could she do? If Charley were here, he could shoot them; he had a revolver. She might shoot them! But a revolver had *such* an uncomfortable habit of going off the wrong way, and she knew she would scream when it was fired. Charley would find her a bleeding corpse; and she found herself wondering

whether she would have a rosewood or a mahogany coffin.

By this time, she could hear the burglar in the parlour. He stumbled over a chair, and the sudden racket nearly scared poor Mrs. Dirgée to death. How Charley would mourn when he found his little wife dead; she *knew* he never would get over it. But then, dreadful thought, he might marry again! This new, horrible idea stirred Mrs. Dirgée to action. Something must be done to avert such a dreadful calamity. She began to think what she might do to save her loving Charley. Oh, if she were only a man! What would a man do? Would he get up and speak to the burglars, and frighten them off? She thought she might do that at any rate. But was her voice deep enough, and would not a man use very dreadful language under such circumstances? She felt she could not bring herself to swear, but something must be done to save her life, even at the cost of her reputation. So she got quietly out of bed, trembling violently, stealthily unbarricaded the door, and crept out to the top of the staircase. She could hear the burglar coming up in his stocking-feet; but the pitchy darkness hid everything from her

sight. Summoning all her courage, she called out in her deepest tones, but with a decided quaver: "Who in h—l is down there, anyhow?" And there came up out of the darkness a voice, meek but not unmixed with surprise: "It is only me, dearest."

WILLIAM HASTINGS EASTON.

Red and Blue.

A Dream of Fair Women.

(In a Co-educational College.)

I AM not in the habit of sleeping over my books, but a fellow will doze over Ethics in the evening, especially after a ten-mile tramp.

I was just reading for the fifth time, "Nothing can be a good except in relation to the sensibility in its most general meaning. If we conceive of all elements of feeling struck out of existence" — when I found myself seated in the rear of the chapel. I was a post-graduate. The chapel was about to be dismissed, and the president had said, "There is a call for a college meeting."

Instinctively I arose, as had been my habit,

and waited for the ladies to pass out. But what did I see? In front of me was a sea of hats, bonnets, and Tam o' Shanters, while down the aisle came a handful of the most abject, pitiful looking youths I had ever beheld. They passed out huddled together as if for mutual support and protection. I stood rooted to the spot, and was hardly conscious of the glances of surprise and scorn cast at me from all sides. I was evidently considered beneath their notice, for the president of the Senior Class, a pretty miss of about eighteen, mounted the platform, and, in a rich alto voice, requested somebody to state the object of the meeting. A damsel from the Junior Class arose and thus addressed the chair: "A report has been circulating throughout the newspapers, to the effect that Wesleyan at one time in history had both a football and baseball team. We feel that such reports are contrary to the best interest of the college, and I move an absolute denial of the slander." The motion was seconded and passed, and I turned to go, but the movement aroused me, and I woke to find the page before me wet with tears.

JOHN A. THOMPSON.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A Magazine Story.

"It's so tiresome!" said Polly.

"I suppose I should think so, too, if I knew what you were talking about," said I.

"Love stories are all alike," said she, throwing the magazine upon the floor.

"Ah," said I. "In magazines, do you mean, or in life?" I picked up the magazine and it opened of itself to some "storiettes."

"I'm only eighteen," said Polly, "so I can't judge of life."

"Well, you were going to remark —" suggested I, looking straight into her brown eyes. (If she had been more than eighteen she would have dropped them.)

"The man always asks the girl's advice. We'll call the girl — well, Susan. There is a girl he loves passionately, but he dares not tell her. What would Susan advise him? Susan stifles her own grief, for she loves him, and says, 'By all means tell her you love her.' Thereupon he tells Susan he loves *her*. And there is great surprise and joy on her part, and the story ends."

"Would you think it tiresome if you were Susan?" said I.

"I don't know." (I don't believe she's more than seventeen.) "I mean it's tiresome because any girl would know what he meant, you see!"

"Ah," said I, "I don't believe you were ever in love."

"Dear me, no!" said Polly.

"I've been thinking," said Polly, after a hopeful pause.

"I'm not surprised," said I.

"There's one other kind of love story. It's even more tiresome than the first."

"Is it possible?" said I. (Love stories in magazines may be tiresome!)

"In this other kind, Susan knows that he means her, you see, and she advises him just the same; but unfortunately he really means another girl."

"Yes, that is rather tiresome."

"In the first one," said Polly, "Susan grieves, then rejoices for ever. In the second, she rejoices, then grieves for ever."

"In magazine love stories?"

"Oh," said Polly, "I'm not talking about

life. Girls don't grieve for ever in life. They haven't time."

"I've been thinking," said I, after a hopeless pause. "In both of those cases the girl loves the man!"

"Yes," said Polly, "that's the tiresome part."

"Oh, I don't know!" said I.

"But you're a man, you see," said she.

"Polly," said I, "are you a sympathetic person?"

"At times," said Polly.

"Well, I'm in love."

Polly looked interested. "Does she know it?"

"I don't know. I never told her. Would you risk it?"

"No," said Polly, "I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, this isn't a magazine story, it's life. And Susan really doesn't love the man in either case."

"Oh!" said I.

I am afraid Polly prevaricated when she said she was only eighteen.

MAUDE LOUISE RAY.

Vassar Miscellany.

Divine Aid.

A SEVERE-LOOKING maid opened the door.

"Well?" she said.

"Is Miss Tabitha Hopkins at home?" I asked.

"She's waiting for you."

"Evidently," I thought, "my great-aunt keeps her maid informed of her doings." My great-aunt had sent for me to come to her. She owned many thousands in her own name, and perhaps this compulsory visit meant much to me. I hope that I am not too mercenary, but I own that the prospect was not displeasing.

The maid threw open the door and I entered the parlour. It had a faded, musty smell, but looked new, and evidently had looked so for a long time. Each piece of furniture was placed at exactly the right angle. A glance was sufficient to convince one that it had been replaced precisely in the same position for many years. All the chairs had white worsted doilies pinned to their backs. On the mantel was a glass case containing wax flowers. Before the fireplace

was a narrow table, with nothing but a fringed cover and a large Bible upon it.

My great-aunt rose to meet me. She was a little old lady of about seventy, dressed in black silk.

"This is Robert Hopkins?" she said.

"It is," I answered. I was greatly embarrassed.

"Sit down, Robert; I wish to talk with you."

I sat down on one side of the fireplace, and my aunt on the other. The narrow table was between us. I felt an almost irresistible impulse to laugh.

"For a young man of the present times, your appearance is passable."

"Thank you," I said.

"There is no need. You are none of you half the gentlemen your grandfathers were."

I bowed.

"Don't do that," she said, sharply. "You make me nervous."

"I beg your pardon."

"If you are worthy of it, I intend to leave you my fortune. Now answer my questions."

"Oh, aunt, this is so sudden," I said.

"Sudden? What do you suppose I sent for you for? Have you no brains?"

"No," I answered, shortly. I was nettled.

"Well, try to develop some. Do you believe in the Word?"

"Whose word?" I asked, bewildered.

"Are you a religious young man?"

"Oh!—No, I'm afraid not—very."

"That's very bad. I am."

"A religious young man?" I ventured.

My aunt looked undecided for a minute, and then laughed. I was getting on.

"I like you for admitting it," she said; "but what do you depend on for your moral guidance?"

"Honour," I replied.

She positively smiled.

"Ah! that sounds like your grandfather. Have you any bad habits?"

"What do you call bad habits?" I asked.

"Do you drink?"

"Occasionally."

"Every day?"

"No."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, "you may."

This was rather sudden, but I produced a cigar. I struck a match, lighted my cigar (what a concession!) and threw the match beneath the table toward the fireplace. Unfortunately, it caught in the fringe. In a moment little flames were curling along the edge of the table-cloth! My great-aunt screamed. I tried to extinguish the fire with my hands, but only succeeded in burning them. Then a brilliant idea struck me! I seized the great Bible, opened it, and closed it with a bang over the curling flames. My great-aunt started up.

"Go!" she said, pointing toward the door.

"Wha— what's the matter?" I asked, taken aback.

"Go! You have desecrated the Book."

"Why—why, I only extinguished the fire with divine aid. See how well the Bible served us."

My aunt's arm slowly dropped.

"It saved us," I urged, eagerly. "See. The fire did not mark it."

She looked at the Bible and then at me. "I believe you are right," she said. "It was divine aid. That settles it."

I was too bewildered to understand what my aunt meant then, — but the fortune is settled on me. ROY M. MASON.

Yale Courant.

Alpha and Omega.

A FRESHMAN of social pretensions was notified at the end of his first year that he had been elected to the first eight of the Alpha Omega Society. He paid the initiation fee of $50, and was duly initiated by about twenty-five sportive Sophomores.

After the ceremonies the society adjourned to Delmonico's, where a fine dinner awaited its members. When all had feasted, and the champagne had begun to flow, the president arose and said: "Gentlemen: For the benefit of our new member (applause), I feel it my duty to explain what is of course well known to you (You bet!), but what must often have puzzled him (Hear, hear!). I allude to the name of this gloriashoshashun (applause). Sir, the Alpha Omega Society is so called because this is its first and last meeting."

The Morningside.

A Swimming Race.

"TIMERS ready! Get set!" the starter cries. "Crack!" goes the pistol, and six lithe, scantily clad fellows dive into the water like so many peas blown from a pea-shooter. Just beyond the circle of ripples caused by the dives, after several seconds, six dripping mops of hair reappear, one by one. Each swimmer draws in a deep, quick breath, and then, with head under water, speeds along toward a red flag marking the 220-yard stake.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Church! — Go it, Hathaway!" shout the onlookers, thronging the pier and sitting in the boats closely crowded together along the course. As soon as the swimmers are by, the fleet of cutters, tenders, and dories on both sides of the course come together with a rush, marring the varnish on the side of many a natty-looking gig. The onlookers, however, are heedless of this trifle. To gain a better view, many even stand upon the unsteady thwarts of the boats, looking over a gay scene of yachting-caps, straw hats with variously coloured college ribbons, white duck trousers and skirts, moving

parasols, and sun-tanned, enthusiastic faces. In the hot glare cast by the sun upon the trembling water, the observers see several black objects bobbing toward the red buoy and flag. Then a sustained cheer announces that the race is half over, and that the return course has been begun.

A naphtha launch, going at half speed and whistling shrill toots, drives back from the course the maze of small boats. From this launch a man calls out, in answer to numerous questions, that the swimmers are on the way back, and that the dark-haired man in the maroon shirt has a little the best of it over the tall fellow in black. Whereupon a small lad sitting in the stern of a yacht's tender, and holding a maroon cap and a sweater with a "C" upon it, jumps up, shrieks out: "Whee! Harry's ahead!" and tosses the cap into the air. It lights upon the water and is rescued with an oar, while blood-red drops of salt water drip from it.

Once more the swimmers come into view. They are swimming in pairs, the hindmost men hopelessly behind. The next two are hotly contending for place with a man in black,

who is but two feet behind "the dark-haired man in the maroon shirt." As they come along they seem like a school of porpoises, each turning his head to catch a breath of air and see the direction, then poking it under the water, now raising one arm forward above the surface of the water with clock-like regularity, like a glistening fin, then disappearing completely. Suddenly the man in black changes his stroke from the English racing stroke to the wearisome Trojan, one hand alternating with the other in sharply, surely cutting the water, then springing back while the swimmer literally jumps ahead. "Go, go, go, Hathaway! Rah! Rah! Rah!" shout the crowd. But above all this noise a shrill voice pipes: "Harry, Harry, Harry!" And Harry hears. He, too, changes his stroke, and half-raising himself from the water, like the sails on a windmill, his arms beat down, hurling him across the tape a winner by a foot.

R. T. Rogers.

University of Chicago Weekly.

As Old as May.

THE warm May breeze blew a shower of white cherry petals in at the window. A girl was sitting there reading a letter, but as the petals fell into her lap, she stopped a moment and smiled out at the cherry-tree. Then she went on reading. The letter was from her married sister, some ten years older than she.

"Your letters have been saying a good deal lately about some young man friend of yours," the letter ran. "I don't know how much you see of him, or how much you think of him; but, oh, Floy, before you begin to think much of any man, be careful. You are an impulsive girl, — too impulsive, I'm afraid. Maybe this is all unnecessary, and there haven't any ideas of marriage ever entered your head; but, Floy, believe what I tell you, — I wouldn't say it to any one but you, — a woman *never knows anything* about a man until she is married to him. There isn't a woman that don't wish within six months that she'd never gotten married, and there ain't one in ten that don't keep on wishing

either that, or that she had a chance to choose over again."

The girl laid down the letter and smiled out at the cherry-tree once more. Then she picked up a picture off the bureau — it was the face of a good-looking young man, with a weak mouth and retreating chin — and kissed it.

University of Chicago Weekly.

First Conversation: Across the Fence.

As I turned the corner I had a confused vision of some one vainly struggling with the heights of the fence on the left. "A fair maid in distress," was my silent comment. I strode forward, but contemplated the other side of the street. She gave a sob of defeat, and fell back to the sidewalk; at which I looked around.

She was leaning against the fence, breathing rapidly, her face, as it seemed in the dusk, reddened by her exertion and ill success. She looked at me appealingly. "Would it be presumptuous," said I, doffing my cap, "for me to offer my humble services in any way?"

"You see," she began in embarrassment, "I must be back in time for evening prayers, but

the only gate is around in front, and this fence," she looked vengefully at the offending structure, "is so high."

"Yes, I see," said I, striving to look enlightened.

"I'd be sure to get caught if I went in at the gate," she continued. "And it was only," she added, pitifully, "to get a glass of soda."

"No one is in sight," I began, holding out my arms, "and — " I paused, for she had drawn herself up very sternly. I twirled my cap in perplexity. Then I had a happy thought. "If I should bend down," I began again, "you might step on my back, grasp the fence, and —"

At a guess I should say she weighs, well — a hundred.

"Thank you," said she from the other side of the fence.

"Evening prayers don't begin quite yet, do they?" I ventured, since she seemed on the point of leaving.

"Well, no-o," she admitted; "but very soon."

"How many girls are there in the school?" I asked, at a loss how else to open the conversation.

"About thirty," she said.

"Whew!" said I, mopping my brow, "soda is good these hot days!"

"Yes," she answered, "isn't it! and don't you like strawberry best?"

"Of course," I agreed, and then regretted lying, for it might have been made a subject for discussion.

"I think I ought to be going," she said.

"Do you often go for soda at this hour?" I asked.

"No," said she, "to-day was the first time."

"But you will again?"

"But the fence?"

"Yes, but that's been —"

"Well?"

"To-morrow, won't you?"

"I can't tell."

"I shall wait on the other side of the street."

"Really?" And then the sound of the bell came from the house, and she ran across the garden. She runs well.

RICHARD HOOKER.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Johnny.

We had planned an all-day drive through the beautiful country near Norfolk, and by nine in the morning were well started on our way. Mother had promised to stifle her usual lack of confidence in my horsemanship, so in the gayest of spirits we found ourselves speeding over the road toward Colebrook.

I always believed that when mother got out of the carriage "for blackberries," it was only that she might have a few moments of free and easy breathing on the kind of "terra" that was absolutely firma, where she could regulate her own speed.

My little horse and I were climbing slowly up the hill, when suddenly I heard a voice by my side, "Oh, once-t I killed a adder!" The dearest little face, belonging to a boy about nine, was looking up at me from the blackberry bushes by the side of the road. He climbed in with mother and myself, and we took him home; but although his face lighted up when we talked with him, and he perfectly understood, yet he could say nothing, apparently, beyond his one

remark about "a adder." We were beginning to think him a little too much of a mystery, and I resolved to know more about him.

We learned that he had been dumb for some time, and had been in a school for mutes two years. They had been able to teach him nothing, but one day he astonished them all with the remark, "Oh, once-t I killed a adder!"

Johnny and I became the fastest of friends, and were together a great deal during the summer. I tried very hard to teach him my name, saying, over and over again, "Miss Florence, don't forget." To my delight he began to make sounds, out of which I frantically endeavoured to make "Florence." He never got any farther than "*My* Florence, don't forget," and "My Florence" it remained to the end of his life.

One day quite late in the fall, Johnny's mother sent for me very suddenly. I found my little friend very ill.

That night, as I sat by him, he suddenly stretched out both his arms to me, and the pitiful little voice said, "Oh, my Florence, don't forget — once-t I killed a adder!" It had always been his only way of making me feel

what he meant, and I could always understand. Johnny was sorry to leave me, and all the sorrow of his little soul was fully expressed in the language of his one great exploit. Could I ever forget it, with all its variations of meaning, that Johnny had once-t killed a adder?

FLORENCE E. WILDER.

The Mount Holyoke.

The First Time.

"WON'T you have one?" I leaned forward in my chair, one hand on my knee, the other holding out a box of cigarettes. She looked wistfully at it.

"I'd like to try it ever so much, but — oh, well, they'll never find out, anyhow. You'll promise not to tell any one, won't you?"

"I shouldn't think of it," I replied, reaching them out temptingly.

"You shouldn't think —"

"Of telling, I mean," and I tossed them into her lap.

Bending forward, she took one out, and, holding it between her thumb and forefinger, lighted it clumsily. Then she put it to her lips, and,

taking a couple of puffs, laid it down in the little bronze ash tray beside her. I took a long pull at my cigar and leaned back to watch the smoke float upward, until it joined the long, stringy cloud that waved across the room.

"I wonder when Alice will be back," she said, finally. "I don't even know where she's gone."

"Neither do I," I responded, "but I don't care. If you find this amusing, I'm sure it satisfies me."

She took another puff at her cigarette, and, as she held it, a thin blue line of smoke curled up from the tip, and drifted across the little table, until it was sucked up by the hot air rising from the lamp. Whenever Alice had to leave her visitors for an evening, I was expected to amuse them, and when the family was out the easiest way was to give them cigarettes. Strange as it may seem, none of them, so far, had refused the offer.

I turned to see how she was getting on. The cigarette was pretty low — she had burned up half in lighting it.

"How is it?" I said, smiling.

"It is perfectly horrid," she replied. She

leaned back, throwing one arm over the back of the chair, looking down at the other hand where it lay in her lap. A line of smoke drifted along the stump.

"It tastes — oh, my! it's all in my nose and my eyes. I hate the nasty thing! Here, take it."

Then, after a pause:

"And it leaves an awful taste in my mouth, too. I'll never touch another one."

It was three weeks later, after her visit was over and she was gone, that I received a note from her.

"Please burn this, after you have read it," she wrote, "but won't you tell me what sort of cigarettes those were?"

Harvard Advocate.

My First Boat-race.

It was my first boat-race. After six months' hard training I had at last made the crew. I was perhaps a little more nervous than the rest. I remember thinking, at the start, how I was ever going to jam my legs down, for, from nervousness, every bit of strength seemed to have

left them. I looked around at the crowd of boats in a bewildered fashion as if wondering what they were doing there. Suddenly the referee said "Ready." Every muscle tightened. All my energies concentrated on the start. "Go." We were off. For the first few strokes I could hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing. Gradually I discovered I was keeping time. I recognised the neck of the man in front of me. I heard the voice of the coxswain. That was all. Suddenly a cannon boomed almost behind my ear, and I felt as if I had been knocked overboard. The sweat began to pour down my back only to be replaced by the spray, for it was a rough day. I saw the mile flag pass, out of the corner of my eye. I knew the race was half over. On! on! was it never going to end? I could feel nothing, though I knew I must be doing my part. Suddenly the coxswain shouted, "For God's sake, boys, pull! One hundred yards more and Yale is still ahead." We gave a last dying effort and crossed the line. I looked around. We were beaten by half a length, but Harvard was ten lengths behind.

The Morningside.

Economy.

The streets were deluged with moonlight. The ground was frozen hard; it felt like stone under our feet. The air had the pleasantness in our throats of cold water after a dusty drive. We had been together to see Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality," Miss W. and I. As all the seats on the ground floor had been taken, we had bought balcony seats; and as we had been alone we had come home immediately after the theatre, instead of going first to supper. While walking rapidly from the car to our house, we were counting up how much money we had saved in this way, and were congratulating ourselves hilariously on our wise economy.

As we passed a row of little stores on Fifty-fifth Street, we saw one still brightly lighted. Within, on the wide wooden sill of the window, among torn and rumpled newspapers, lay a two-year-old child asleep. Beyond, stood the child's mother, the little woman to whom we take our laundry. Her dingy, clinging calico wrapper showed how bony her shoulders were, how hol-

low her chest. Her thin face, though wet with perspiration, was without colour ; it was haggard, and set in lines of terrible weariness. Her prominent blue eyes were more staring than usual. She was ironing still, at twelve o'clock ; ironing collars at three cents each.

University of Chicago Weekly.

In the Afternoon Car.

By late afternoon the car was almost crowded, but the young man of the foremost seat did not know it. A large box of sweet peas filled the rest of the seat ; he held a book, and from time to time read a page, but for the most part looked out of the window.

The day had been hot ; it was still gray, smoky, sombre. But to him the world was exquisitely beautiful. As they flashed by, he saw a thousand details he had never caught before. The fallow brown of newly ploughed fields delighted him ; a man at the plough was guiding a shambling gray horse, and trotting along in the furrows, driving him with a piece of string and a dead stick, came his little boy, whose pinafore had taken on the exact shade of

the fresh-turned earth; a yellow cur, very active as to tail, followed them. Then the track ran for several miles by what had once been a busy canal, now disused, stagnant, covered over with scum of that extraordinary green the impressionist painters alone know. Steering a cranky boat stood a girl in a scarlet gown, like a jungle-blossom.

He found his thoughts breaking into metre and rhyme; tag-ends of unwritten songs, it seemed, were floating through his brain, which, when he tried to catch them, slipped through his fingers, and, breaking, spoiled his mere joy in the beauty outside; so he left off trying. Nevertheless, his heart was crooning to itself a song without words; her face changed into melody, and the remembered touch of her hand, blending with it, gave the chord.

"Six o'clock! six o'clock! six o'clock!" said the car-wheels as they hurried on. The sky was all gray except in one place, where the sunset fire had eaten almost through, and gave there a red shine as of flame through porcelain. The time of the car-wheels changed: "In half an hour! half an hour! half an hour!" they sang. The young man fancied his deep delight

must shine through his face, as the sunset glory was shining through the clouds.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.

The Bryn Mawr Lantern.

His First Race.

THE announcer, greeted by the odour of liniment as he pokes his head in the doorway of the dressing-room, sings out: "All out for the mile run, and get a hustle on you, too, for the events are dragging!"

A number of active fellows, clad in the usual running costume and wrapped up in bath-robes and blankets, soon follow this busybody to the starting tape. They are all tall, mature, solid-looking chaps, except one, whose boyish air, emphasised by his curly, light-coloured hair and small, springy figure, makes him seem somewhat out of place among these experienced giants.

There is little time to think before the starter, not deigning to look at the crowded grand stand, nor to hear the eager words of encouragement from the friends of the contestants, calls, warningly, "Are you ready?" Several of the white-suited athletes, who are digging small holes in

the running path with the toes of their spiked shoes, stop as the order, "On your marks!" is heard; then, all bracing themselves, with weight well forward, arms extended — one in front, one behind — at the command, "Get set!" are off in a bunch at the pistol shot.

The pace is "pretty stiff" for a mile, but "the little fellow," as some one on the bleachers advises, "holds it."

What fun it is for him to see the bright ribbons and gay costumes of the women, who smile at him. The "rooters" shout "Go! Go! Go!" How light his tireless legs feel as they rise and fall; his feet seem barely to touch the ground. He notices the gradual turn in the track, the bill-boards with various coloured signs, the green grass, the yellow clay baseball diamond, now hidden for a moment by the backstop. Then he passes the sign, painted in white letters, "Start, 880 yds.;" next the grand stand on the right reappears. As he bounds along, one lap finished, he catches one glimpse of a pretty girl in a duck suit who wears his ribbon.

The cheers die away. He looks up from the corner of his eye and sees the perspiration standing out on the man to his right.

He determines that that lone man ahead of him by only a few feet shall gain no more.

How worn the edge of the upright board bounding the track is. There, too, is some burned sand beside it. He hears the deep nose-breathing and the methodical pum-pum as the spikes in the shoes of the runners behind him hit the track. The sun is beating down very warmly, too warmly, and makes his throat feel parched. The gaseous, hot air rising from the track gives everything a dizzy appearance. Suddenly his chest feels full of hot coals. He catches a glimpse of the trainer, and wonders if the words he has overheard this friend say are true: "Jamie has lots of grit." No, they are not, for he wants to tumble over on the grass and cry, to hide his face, to get away from everybody.

But the race is two-thirds over, for here is the grand stand again; sort of moving about apparently and kicking up a big rumpus; he wonders what about. Yet the noise gives him heart and he forges ahead of the man on his right and strives to gain more on the fellow ahead, moving with long, sure strides.

Six feet never seemed such a distance before.

He grits his teeth, runs his nails into the corks in his hands and stares resolutely ahead. The perspiration, rolling down in little streams, is no longer felt. He doesn't realise now that he has a body. The running is mechanical — up, down; up, down. That fellow is ahead. Everything grows very dim and far-away looking. He must go faster, something seems to say. That fellow is no longer in front of him. Where did he disappear? What is that noise straining along by his side? Is that the grand stand ahead coming toward him as though mad, cheering and yelling, jumping up and down like a monkey on a string? Can he ever reach those things sticking up there with something shining in front of them? They must be the timers; the bright things watches. But no, he can't, for the men are gone. He stumbles in despair, and, falling, feels something across his legs. Then all is blank.

The grand stand surely has gone mad, — people cheering, waving colours, throwing up hats, stamping; all is confusion.

Strong arms gently carry him to one side and stretch him on the grass. The doctor says, "He'll be around directly."

"Rah! Rah! Rah!" What is that noise? Why are they pouring red-hot ice down his throat? He slowly turns his head toward the shouting, and spies an anxious, girlish face above a duck suit straining forward from the front row of seats. A voice in his ear says: "If he hadn't fallen forward at the finish, he'd have lost! Won by a head! Intercollegiate record busted! Plucky little cuss, eh? Fine time, 4:33 4–5!" And he swoons again.

R. T. ROGERS.

University of Chicago Weekly.

A Yule-tide Happening.

THEY were seated in the parlour, he and she. She was a pretty Back Bay lass, with a taste for bric-à-brac; he, a traditionally impecunious Soph, with a desire to create an impression on her heart. It was the day before Christmas, and the conversation naturally tended toward Yule-tide topics. Just now it was touching upon gifts.

"Oh, Dick," said the girl, "did you see the stunning vases that came in at Harding & Ware's, to-day? They were beauties, and I

was just dying to have one, but they cost over —"

"Well, one of them may turn up your way yet;" replied he, complacently. "I happened to see those vases, and thought you —"

"You didn't get me one, did you? You foolish, extravagant boy! But it is awfully sweet of you, and I shall never forget it."

The youth smiled as he thought how he had procured that vase for a trifle, after it had been smashed by a careless clerk, and had ordered that clerk, for another trifle, to pack up the vase and send it to her home. He wondered what she would think if she knew the true story of his "foolish, extravagant sweetness." Just then the bell rang, and a moment later the maid entered the parlour with a box, which she handed to the girl.

"Why, it's from Harding & Ware!" the latter exclaimed. "Your vase! How quick they were in sending it up here!"

"I hope nothing has happened to it," he said, artfully; "the sidewalks are pretty slippery to-day, and lots of people have tumbled down."

"Oh, I hope so, too," rejoined the girl, beginning to take off the wrappings. The youth

stood near her, ready to give vent to exclamations of astonished indignation and surprise. As she finally opened the box, he bent forward, gave one look, and then — bolted from the parlour, grabbed his hat, and fled.

The clerk had earned his money too well. Every fragment of the broken vase was wrapped up in a separate bit of paper.

H. P. Huntress.

Harvard Advocate.

Cousin John.

We were returning from the opera very late that evening, and as we neared home my wife remarked:

"When do you expect that cousin of yours to arrive? He surely ought to be here to-morrow, for it's only forty-eight hours from St. Louis here."

"Well, I can't say," I replied. "John's very erratic, you know, and he may be here to-morrow, or he may be here next week, or he may not be here at all."

With this I opened the door, and, to my surprise, found John dozing in an easy chair

before the hall fire. He started up as we entered, but before he could say anything I was shaking hands and welcoming him as heartily as one naturally welcomes a cousin who has been away ten years.

"My, John, but you've changed!" my wife and I exclaimed, simultaneously. "One would scarcely know you since you've had the fever."

"Yes, I suppose I have changed," replied John, "but you two look the same as when I last saw you. Pardon me for making myself so much at home, but I thought I'd rest a little, while waiting for you."

After talking a short time, we retired, as it was very late, and John was very tired. I assisted him in carrying his valise to his room. That valise was the queerest and heaviest thing I've ever seen or carried.

About six o'clock my wife and I were awakened by Bridget pounding on the door and crying: "Shure, ma'am, there's been robbers in the house, and it's nary a bit of silver that's left at all, at all."

We hastily dressed and hurried down, only to find that Bridget's words were too true. We examined the house but could find no clue to

the thief, nor were there any marks of violence on door or window. Then I thought of John, and rushed up-stairs to find him and get his assistance. On opening the door of his room, I could see nothing of John or his valise, and the bed, moreover, had not been occupied at all. Under the bed, however, was a pair of shoes, apparently on some one's feet. I looked under and saw Cousin John — no, it wasn't he, for this man had a full beard, whereas John was clean-shaven the night before. But the man under the bed was securely bound and gagged, and looked decidedly uncomfortable. He tried to talk, but couldn't, so I pulled him out and loosed his bonds. He was very grateful at being set free, and among his many exclamations he cried out, "Why, doctor, don't you know your Cousin John?"

"Cousin John, fiddlesticks!" I replied. "Cousin John was here last night, and had a smooth face, while you have a full beard. No one but Christopher Columbus could grow a beard like that in one night. Who are you, and how did you get here?"

"I'm your Cousin John, as I'll soon prove to you in relating how I got here."

"Proceed," said I, being always open to conviction.

"Well, I arrived here last night about ten o'clock, long before I expected when I telegraphed you. I was told you would be home soon, so I decided to wait for you in the hall, near the fire. About eleven a fellow came and inquired for the doctor. I heard the servant tell him to wait in the office. Soon I fell into a doze, and began dreaming that I was a soldier, facing the Spanish guns, when suddenly I became aware of some one standing near me, and awoke to find myself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

"'Well, John, we're here at last, aren't we?' said the man at the other end of the revolver, pleasantly. 'I know you, and I've come all the way from St. Louis with you to meet you here. Don't look frightened, for I won't hurt you if you do as I say.'

"I hardly knew what to do or say, but kept blinking at the pistol, when my friend drew several handkerchiefs from his pockets, gagged my mouth and bound my hands behind my back.

"'Now, just go up-stairs to the guest-chamber, if you please,' he said, following me up with the

pistol still at my head. When we were inside the room he made me crawl under the bed, and then securely bound my feet and strengthened my other bonds. Then he went away, but came back about one o'clock, looked to see if I were fast, stayed about half an hour, all the time chuckling to himself, and then left for good."

"All right, John," I replied, "you've proved your identity. Your friend, who used you ill, palmed himself off on us as our Cousin John, and departed during the night with all our silver, so let's see what can be done in the way of finding him."

We notified the police, and made every possible search, but "John" could not be found. The real John was much chagrined at the turn of affairs, and vowed to find the false John and bring him to justice. Whether he will succeed remains to be seen. All we ever heard of "John" was the following telegram received from New York about a month after the robbery:

"DEAR COUSINS: — The silver was of the finest quality. I'm off to Europe on the pro-

ceeds. If you have any more to spare, kindly forward it to London as a souvenir to your Cousin John."

H. Wilson Stahlnecker.

Red and Blue.

Jeems Miller's Coortin'.

"Weel, Jeems, an' hoo are ye the day? I'm shure ye're lookin' gey happy."

"I'm brawly, thenk ye, Tam, an' hoo's yersel'?"

"Ay, man, I've guid richt to be happy this day. An' did ye no hear aboot it?"

"Aboot whit? Hae ye had a fortune come to ye? I'm rael gled, Jeems. I s'pose ye'll be gaen awa' to bide amang the gentry noo. Camlachie'll no' be a bonny eneuch place for ye. Eh?"

"Weel, Tam, it's no' juist a fortune in ae sense o' the word, but I'll tell ye — Meg Tamson an' me's gaun to get mairrit."

"O-o-h! Ay an' hoo did that come aboot, Jeems? Naebody thocht you an' Meg was thick thegither."

"Weel, I've been kin' o' castin' aboot for a

wife for some time noo, an' at last I settled on Meg. I gaed to see her faither twa' three times, an' hintit at Meg, ye ken, till I'm shure she had an inklin' o' whit I was efter. I didna get on very quick tho', for Meg's a gey weel faured lass, an' I'm thinkin' she expeckit a better man nor me. Weel, things was juist aboot so so, when I gaed ower to ca' on her last nicht. As shune as I opened the door, there was Meg sittin' in front o' the kitchen grate, an' haudin' her face up near the fire. I thocht at ainee she maun hae neuralgy or teethache, an' I felt gey bad for the puir lass, I tell ye, for I didna ken hoo muckle I thocht o' Meg till that meenit. 'Ay, Meg, an' whit's the maitter, lass?' says I. She didna say a word, but I could see she was fell 'shamed to hae me catch her in sic a wy. Jock, her wee brither, cam' up to the stule whaur I was sittin' an' says, 'Jeems, Meg's got an awfu' sair teeth.' 'Ay, puir lassie,' says I, but wi' that Meg flares up an' says, 'Jeems Miller, wha ast for yer peety? Keep it to yersel', for I'm shure naebody here wants it.' Man, I was so astonish'd I could haur'ly speak, but at last I advised her to see the doctor an' hae it pu'd. Efter a while she

cam' roun' an' was quite ceevil, tho' I could see she could haur'ly keep frae greetin'. The teeth was quite lowse, so I offered to pu't ma'sel' wi' a bit string, but Meg wudna hear o't. Juist then, Jock cries oot, 'Meg, tie a string to't, an' tie the ither en' o' the string to the bed-post, an' juist walk back an' it'll come oot.' 'Havers, Jock, gae 'wa,' says I, But Meg was rael ta'en wi' the idea an' wantit to try't, juist as she used to when a wee bit lass. Weel, she tied ae en' o' the string to her teeth, an' the ither en' to the bed-post, for she wudna let me touch it. But when it cam' to walkin' back, Meg couldna' dae't. While she was staunin' trimblin' an' no' lookin', I walked up to her quite quick like, and firm, an' afore she kent whit she was daein', she stepped back, an' there was the teeth danglin' frae the bed-post. It was so sudden like she begun to greet. I sent Jock for a ha' penny worth of sweeties, an' then tried to comfort her. I juist put my airm roun' her an' — weel, I needna' tell ye the rest, only we're gaun to be cried next Sunday."

JOHN GOWDY.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Observations.

TRY so to live that when you die even the undertaker will be sorry.

A single life often ends in happiness. A double life often ends in prison.

The quality of friendship is so steadfast, so beautiful, and so holy that it will last for a lifetime if not asked to lend money.

Self-love is a virtue, for he who loveth himself shall have his love returned, whereas he who loveth another, unless he accompany it with an expensive bunch of double violets, shall go unrequited.

Princeton Tiger.

That Babington Affair.

"YOU will pardon my being so abominably personal," I said to my friend Reeves, in a burst of confidence, as we sat smoking before the open fire, talking over our summer at Babington. "But did I ever tell you the little stunt that happened to Miss Marston and me on the links last summer?"

He moved rather uneasily at the mention of that name, I thought, but listened with interest.

"Well," I continued, "you know that, thanks to your exploiting of my peculiarities and a natural diffidence which I must admit, I got a reputation with those girls for being the most bashful thing there; I don't think *she* seriously believed it, though.

"It was the afternoon that you were feeling rather rocky from meeting those Yale people the night before. I was much flattered when she accepted my services as instructor, and, with a few remarks as to the uselessness of engaging a caddy, I proudly took an armful of clubs, and we started.

"You are also aware that the Babington golf course was not laid out with a view to pleasing the novice. Those apple orchards and swamps that diversify the landscape, and the omnipresent Sackett brook, so dangerously near, are very trying. But that is neither here nor there.

"Miss Marston progressed rapidly under my competent tuition. Going through Profanity Lane, we chatted about Farmington, and upon my remarking that I should probably see Alice

Walker in August, she exclaimed: 'Why, really? *Do* give Alice my best love!'

"'May I keep it until I see her?' I asked, rather clumsily, trying your favourite *bon mot*. But just then the lusty Mrs. Wrenn-Smith (you remember seeing her avoirdupois galloping over the links) cried 'Fore!' about twenty yards behind us, and we turned around inopportunely to see a large area of turf lose its connection. So my maiden effort was lost.

"We passed 'Sleepy Hollow' and 'Despair' easily, but in approaching the eighth green a long mashie shot sent the ball across the brook, where it poised defiantly. I admit I was up a tree.

"'Thunder!' I think she said — some forbidding word of two syllables. 'How *can* I cross? There doesn't seem to be a sign of a bridge. And I so wanted to make this my record.'

"'A toppy lie, and you had such a good show for the bogy! Won't you allow me to carry you over?' I suggested, and I swear I saw mischief in her look as she smiled at me and then turned in the direction of Mrs. Wrenn-Smith — a friendly hill had already managed to conceal that lady."

Reeves had removed his feet from the mantel early in the narrative, and now he clutched his chair nervously. I refused to notice this agitation, and went on:

"I imagine Miss Marston was surprised when she found herself speedily transferred to the other side. Anyway, she played the stroke in silence. We recrossed as before.

"There was rather a long pause as we walked up. Finally she couldn't refrain from laughing: 'Are you the Mr. Jackson they spoke of at the hotel as being so unfortunately —'

"I supplied, 'Such a bashful fool?' and assured her the accusation was entirely just.

"Later, as we were seated on the club-house porch with several others, I alluded to our experience: 'You know, Miss Marston and I had such an amusing adventure to-day,' I began.

"'Yes, and we only lost two strokes by it,' she deftly interposed, and commenced a discussion on the use of the niblech in putting.

"My reputation for diffidence continued as good as ever — except with one person, and on the whole I am glad it is that way, as she is the only girl —"

Reeves leaned forward eagerly: "Eh! You

don't mean that you and she — But Ethel Marston *was* a corking girl — quite the queen at Babington. I have some pleasant memories of her myself."

Reeves did not seem to care particularly for my story. I confess I was too dense to see why at the time, — but four months later their engagement was announced. I am planning a trip around the world — after graduation.

JOHN BARKER.

Williams Literary Monthly.

A Letter Home.

AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS.

North Dormitory, Sunday, Oct. 5th, 1898.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your last rec'd and read with delight. Went to church this morning, and heard a magnificent sermon by Doctor Drawler, of New York City. Afterward there was class Bible study, which is interesting for those of us who really want to learn. As to the odour of tobacco which you detected in my mid-week letter, it is quite possible that you were not mistaken. I entirely agree with your

strictures on the vice. My room-mate, however, is an inveterate smoker, although otherwise a noble and earnest young man, just such an one, I think, as you would have me associate with. I have spoken to him on the subject along the line of your remarks, but you know how it is with a habit of that sort. Yes, I have renewed my Y. M. C. A. membership, and, although it costs me $12.50 a term, not to mention smaller contributions to certain little charities which we are supporting, it has proved, as you predicted, both restful and uplifting. Church attendance is required, as you are aware, and this year the expense of filling the pulpit is met by subscriptions among the fellows. I know that you will be glad that I have pledged two dollars a Sunday for that noble purpose, — this aside from pew rent, of course. Tell father, in answer to his inquiry, that the work is rather confining, but that he need not fear for my physical development. The Amherst gym. system takes care of that. No, the exercise we get is not too violent. I received the dft. for $150, for which thanks. With board at $7 per week, — which, really, is outrageous, don't you think? — and my subscription to the Alumnus Missionary Fund,

it all went the day I cashed it. Besides, I unfortunately broke an expensive plate-glass window in Northampton last Saturday. I tipped a cigar store Indian into it. The accident cost me $20, but if you will send $50 right away I can settle everything up, and have enough over to buy a new Standard Dictionary, of which I stand much in need. The vesper chimes are ringing, and as one must go early to get a seat, I will close now. Lovingly, WILLIAM.

JOSEPH W. BARR.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

The Complete Athlete.

BEING A SELECTION, TREATING UPON A TRUE MANNER OF SPORT.

Ancient. *Heelor.*

Ancient. A good morning to you, young sir. If your course be toward Milford, I have well overtaken you, and we will go our way together.

Heelor. Your company and discourse will be welcome, sir. I go indeed to Milford, and purpose to rest there some days from my studies,

and doubt not that lively talk will soon bring us to the inn.

Ancient. Tell me then, student, for such you seem to be, how is it with manly sport in that university from which you come?

Heelor. With your pardon, good sir, it is now at a height which in the days when you were a lusty scholar it had scarce attained.

Ancient. It may be that you hold those days lightly; but tell me, I pray you, of football. I held some small skill in that noble exercise, and would know if in this day it is played so well.

Heelor. But lately we took new men, and have equalled those who were great in the sport.

Ancient. And from the breadth of your shoulders I hold you for one learned in the game.

Heelor. You think rightly, sir. Not a day but I have left my books to see the struggles upon our field, and cheered right lustily when by skill our noble team hath driven down the lines.

Ancient. But for yourself, do you not run with the ball?

Heelor. You forget, sir, we have a noble team. I cheer them on; I have even staked

much money upon their trials. What would you more?

Ancient. But you, scholar, trouble not to play. How, then, with that strenuous sport of rowing? You pull an oar with the best, I will be warranted.

Heelor. In truth, good sir, the water is far away, and the sliding seat perplexing to the ignorant; but we have a noble eight. Twice have I journeyed to the Thames, and heartened them with cheerful cries. Belike they shall win this year, and I gain back that which, in my love for the university, I do put upon their success.

Ancient. But you row not, gentle scholar. Tell me, then, friend, for already have we come upon Milford Hill, you and your class do run, perchance, or jump at the hurdles, or bat the ball. In my day, though now forgotten, we prided ourselves, each one, that, for the love thereof, we partook of some healthful sport.

Heelor. Well enough, master, and so do many now; but, as there may be no doubt that not all of us can win a place, so, indeed, do I and others heel valiantly those who succeed.

Ancient. It was not so in my day; and,

scholar, I have thought that he who loveth sport will rather enter into manly pursuits, that he may row because it is good, and run because it is good, and thus find the truest service in the doing, not contenting himself with the watching alone. But here is the inn, which will put an end to our talk, and bring me to my journey's end.

Heelor. And you should come to the nearest game. We would tell you of that doing; and so, good-bye.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Yale Courant.

Of Passing Moment.

SHE grew to be a sort of habit with him. In earlier days it had been different. Even to have her about had irritated him; and he had detested her presence as he would that of a fly or any live thing that made a noise. Her queer little face, old and dried, yet with a perk of sharpness to it, had seemed to him absurd. Her tiptoeing quickness of motion, her puffing lack of breath, had grated on him even while it bored him. Her wheezy inanities of observation on the commonplaces of life were doubtless well meant;

but they jangled on his nerves. They struck him as ludicrous in their inherent uselessness.

But all that was past. As I say, she had grown to be with him a habit. He liked to watch her. He would stare and dumbly marvel that a thing so withered could retain so much of life. He speculated on her age, wondering if she were forty or seventy; he had no idea which. Such nervous energy of motion in one seemingly so old amused and puzzled him. When he began to notice a little more closely her idiotic, shrunken face, he saw that the lines of it were kind; and he liked her for it. When he came to think of it, her observations on the weather seemed to him harmless and well-intentioned; they ceased to be a matter for irritation. He saw that she did her work well; that she swept and dusted often; that she kept the room clean and well-ordered; and all that in her, even apart from selfish reasons, he liked. He saw, too, that she never meddled with things of his; that she threw away no papers that he might leave carelessly about; that she left things where he wanted them, and was not arbitrary in the use of her power to put the room to rights. This also he thought to be considerate.

In time, his relations with her became a bit more personal. Once when he was sick she did him several little kindnesses, got his breakfast, and that sort of thing, and these he remembered. She came to see that he didn't care to talk; and she would come in, do her work, and go away without a word. At length, also, he saw that she began to accommodate her hours of work to his convenience. All this in her he liked. He had a trick of locking himself out of his room; and then he would have to hunt about for her, and borrow her string of keys. This always struck her as unspeakably amusing, and her toothless amusement always in turn amused him. Her wizened, bent little figure became to him a familiar sight on other landings than his own; and he always grinned when she bade him good morning.

Many aspects of her interested him. The awkward fumbling of her keys before she could open his door appealed to him as typical. When she would reach his room too early in the morning, and find him in the act of dressing, he never failed to smile at the half-shocked, apologising abashment with which she withdrew from the room. When she found him not even out of

L. of C.

bed, her bewilderment was ever new and ever obvious. She did some of his washing for him; and the air of timid effacement, with which she would now and then dun him for a payment on account, touched him a bit even while it caused him to laugh. When he chanced to be in the room while she was putting it in order, he would covertly drink her in, with her look of half-alarm, her dimming eyes, her motions quick with the energy of age. He heard her wheezy puffings, her shortness of breath; he saw her talking in garrulous undertonings to herself; about what, he wondered.

In a half-formulated way he pitied her a little; perhaps he sometimes wondered just how sordid and blank could be the side of her life that he never saw. An ill-defined impulse may have come to him now and again to question her about it. But he never did.

One day he noticed that a different goody fixed his room. A little later it occurred to him that he hadn't seen Joan about the place for some days.

On his way down-stairs he ran across Collins, the janitor. It occurred to him to ask Collins about her.

"By the way, Collins, where's Joan, my goody, these days?"

"Why, didn't you know?" said Collins, with businesslike directness; "she was taken sick the other day and died. Thought you knew."

"No," he said, "I hadn't heard;" and went on down-stairs.

That night at dinner the fellows at his table jollied him a bit about being sober — not much, they said, but just a little.

PHILIP GREENLEAF CARLETON.

Harvard Advocate.

A Cold Bluff.

"WHOOPEE!" remarked Bud, throwing his coat in one corner and his hat in another, "I just worked the coldest game of bluff you ever saw."

"Thought that was a regular thing with you," said Willie, glancing up from his desk. "It's the only game you play, isn't it?"

"Oh, but past experience wasn't in it with this. I usually don't have any luck when I try to bluff a Prof. in recitation, but this was a cooler. I made a rush and no mistake."

"Hear the man blow," said Lem, from the window-seat: "Bud, you're a conceited ass. Tell us about it."

"Well, you see I was dreaming away in recitation, — didn't hear a thing that was going on, — till all of a sudden Pete hit me a biff in the back and I heard the Prof. saying, 'Do you believe in the truth of that theory, Mr. Bud?' Gee, I was phazed. I got up and said, 'Yes, sir, I do,' with a lot of emphasis, just as if I had been giving it thought for the past week. Then he said, 'And your reasons for it, Mr. Bud?' Well, I thought I was stumped, but I looked him sternly in the eye, just as if I thought he was asking unnecessary questions, and said, 'Why, professor, it struck me as the only reasonable theory,' and then I stuck again. Then bless his heart, if he didn't throw out a line and I bit. He said, 'Then you agree with So-and-so when he said so-and-so?' I said, 'Certainly, sir,' and I repeated what he said So-and-so said. Then he talked some more and I followed him up, and we two held the floor most ten minutes arguing it out, and when I sat down he said, 'Mr. Bud, your position is a strong one and I heartily agree with you.' How's that for a rush, Willie?"

"Nothing else," said Willie. "It seems to me, though, Bud, you're going to sleep entirely too much in recitation. Half the time I look at you, you're miles away."

"Seven miles," murmured Lem, with his head buried in the pillows.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

Fable.

Two men argued at the fork of a road.

"One road leads to Heaven and the other to Hell," said the first.

"That must be so," agreed the second.

"The left-hand road leads to Heaven and the right to Hell," said the first.

"You are wrong," said the second. "It is just the other way."

"I am sure that I am right," said the first, "I shall take the road to the left."

"I am sure that I am right," said the second, "I shall take the road to the right."

They had gone some distance when the roads came together again, and the travellers found themselves once more in each other's company.

"Where are we?" asked the first.

"I really don't know," said the second.

"At any rate, let us eat and drink here," said the first, "for the sun is hot and I am weary."

So they ate and drank and afterward lay down to sleep.

JAMES OWEN TRYON.
Williams Literary Monthly.

Arcady Farewell!

LARGE and primal she looked, girl with a woman's growth, as she swung along the mountainside with the grace of a forest Dian. I compared her with women elsewhere, womanish girls in pent-up places with their one-ness in convention. The Swiss girl's woollen skirt scarce covered her knees, and below it her legs showed bare and brown, and her footprints, by their lightness, barely visible in the morning sod or beaten path, might have marked the swiftest nymph in Thessaly. She crossed the last knoll of the foot-hills, appearing for a moment in quick relief against the red sky-line. Her hair, in no way bound, and lifting in the breeze, showed her neck full and straight from the crown. Disappearing, she left floating a Tyrolese air by which

I followed her. She had turned in the village, and, arms akimbo, looked longingly into a gaudy shop where the peasants buy their things. Then she looked down, digging her toe in the sand impatiently. She passed through the village, and I lost her. There is no Arcady. And with Virgil (or any one else) I say that the choral ringing woods are gone and the virgin of the forest has run away with Pan. For in the dingy window what but a pair of shoes! Wood ones with fastenings of red leather!

F. A. L.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Exhibits in a Trial of Hearts.

Exhibit A.

February 6, 1899.

Mr. J. Hoppe: — Can't come, Jack. Heart broken. Will write. Mabelle.

Exhibit B.

February 6, 1899.

Miss Mabelle Prom: — Awfully sorry. Likewise heart broken. Jack.

Exhibit C.

February 6, 1899.

MISS ISABELLA DANCE: — . . . Can't you come to the Hop, Friday? I would have written you long ere this, but I have been laid up with grippe. Do come. . . . JACK.

Exhibit D.

February 7, 1899.

MR. J. HOPPE: — Will be delighted. Arrive at 4.58 Friday. ISABELLA.

Exhibit E.

February 9, 1899.

MR. J. HOPPE: — Coming after all. Hurrah! Arrive 5.15 Friday. MABELLE.

Exhibit F.

February 12, 1899.

MR. J. HOPPE: —

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Per tickets, carriages, etc., etc. .	$20.00
Per ticket for roommate to take Mabelle	6.00
Per flowers, candy and other offerings to win back favour . .	50.00
Per broken heart and personal misery (incalculable)	

Exhibit G.

February 12, 1899.

DEAR MR. HOPPE: — I return your ring.

MABELLE PROM.

Exhibit H.

February 12, 1899.

DEAR MR. HOPPE: — I return your pin.

ISABELLA DANCE.

Exhibit I.

(From the *Herald.*)

The engagement of Mr. J. Hoppe and Miss Neverdance is announced.

Wrinkle.

The Proprieties.

"I DON'T know about that," he said.

"I know you don't," she replied, with something approaching asperity. "But I do. One must have a little regard for the proprieties."

"But I can't see why — "

"That makes little difference if I *can.* You know perfectly well that I'd love to do it."

"Then I don't understand — "

"Why will you persist in flaunting your

weakness of comprehension in my face? It would be quite dark."

"You've been down there alone when it wasn't any lighter. And it is the moonrise we were going to see any way."

"The moonrise would be only a hundred yards nearer even if we did go down on the beach."

"It's much better than this glary old veranda, though. The clean white sand and the sound of the breakers and the light on the water — "

"Yes, and the nice slimy seaweed and those lovely squshy jellyfish and — "

"You needn't guy a man about it. I suppose if you won't go I'll have to try somebody else. Do you fancy that Claire Vance would come?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Good-bye."

"Er — a — say, Margie, hadn't you better come?"

"My dear — I mean, you foolish boy! Mother doesn't like to have me wander off after dark on the beach. Besides, you're going with Claire Vance."

"If I must, I must. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Eh, Margie?"

"Well?"

"You've been down alone, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"She doesn't object to that?"

"No. It's going off with —"

"The fellows. That's what I thought. Now if I should go down there alone. — Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"And if you should happen to take a little stroll just on the breakwater —"

"If I should."

"Why, if I chanced to meet you, it really wouldn't be civil for me to pass by without a word, would it?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"Well, good-bye."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to take a turn on the beach to see the moon rise."

"How nice! I may go over that way myself later. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

P. B.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

The Freshman Enters the Debate.

Mr. President, Honourable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen (flustered): I beg your pardon, but there aren't any ladies present. The question before us to-night is resolved that the U. S. should build and maintain a much greater navy than at present. Remember the question.

Now, Honourable Judges, I do not think that the U. S. should adopt the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Then there's Hawaii. I can not see that the restriction of immigration will do us any good, and what's the use of retaining the Philippines if we don't want them? Mr. President, think of the nations of Europe! Can we stand idly by? No; the time for us to act is passed, and when we think of our national honour, when we think of woman suffrage, when we think of free trade and protection, it is then, Honourable Judges, that we decide that the U. S. should have a much greater navy than she has at present. I thank you.

Wrinkle.

A Cigarette.

STAYING late one evening at the Officers' Club, I looked up from my paper and found myself alone with old Colonel Cox, every one else having gone home. Although I knew the colonel very well, I had never heard him spin a yarn, for which, by the way, he had quite a reputation. Thinking this a favourable opportunity, I laid the paper aside and engaged him in conversation. I first told a story myself, as the conversation seemed to lag, and then asked the colonel for a yarn.

"Well, if you insist," said he; "but first give me a cigarette. They play a large part in my life, as well as in my story."

I hastened to offer him a cigarette, which he lighted in a leisurely manner, and after a proper show of reluctance he opened fire.

"It happened many years ago. I was then a first classman at the Academy,[1] and I regret to say a prominent member of the 'Immortals.'[2] I had lately been caught in various

[1] Senior at West Point.

[2] Men of lowest possible standing.

scrapes, and already had a ghastly array of demerits constantly staring me in the face. In fact, had I committed the slightest *faux pas* of any description at that time, I should at present, sir, be denied the honour of calling myself an officer of the U. S. Army."

While the colonel was clearing his throat I hazarded the remark that his series of narrow escapes began early in life.

"It was in June," he continued, without assenting to my remark, "I met her at the hop. She was of a very fine Southern family. Ah! that was a great campaign. I had to fight with a dashing young captain for every moment of her society. His name was Grier. Against him I employed all the strategies known to modern warfare. He was good, but I was better. Then, too, you know, I was practically in disgrace, which of course was of the greatest assistance to me. The first time I met her I told her all about it. I told her how 'Sept' Moor and 'Piggie' Perkins, unbeknown to me, had hauled up my chimney, for safe-keeping, a roasted turkey that they received from 'Piggie's' home, and how I got all the blame. I explained to her that I didn't see why they should suspect

me, simply because half of the specimens in the geological collection were missing when 'exams' came around. Besides, there was no loss of property, for they were all found afterward, 'having evidently been thrown out the window,' as the instructor reported."

By this time the colonel had warmed up to his story, and it took only a moment to light a fresh cigarette, when he began again.

"Well, I got on finely with her. The next day I found time to call; and, by the way, it might be well to state here that I always seemed to be more apt at finding time than any other man in the Academy. As the June air was delightfully refreshing, I proposed a walk; she acquiesced. Now, as luck would have it, I happened to have some cigarettes about me. Cadets were forbidden to smoke, but as we were strolling along a lonely part of 'Flirtation,' and she didn't object, I thought I'd risk it. I was to graduate in a few days, and if I should be caught — well, I shouldn't have been an officer to-day. I 'lit up,' and we were chatting pleasantly together, when suddenly round the corner strode no other person than Captain Grier. I threw the cigarette away before he saw me, but

it struck a tree and fell directly in the path between us, smoking like a Vesuvius.

"Grier stopped, stared at me for a moment, then said, curtly, 'Smoking, Mr. Cox? Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and report to the commandant.'

"I was completely dazed for a moment, as it dawned upon me that my one ambition, my whole future career, was shattered. But on the instant a merry little peal of laughter rang out beside me, and a sweet voice remarked, amusedly, yet reluctantly, 'Why, captain, how funny, 'tis *I* who was smoking. I just threw the cigarette away.'"

After some minutes' silence, the colonel rose and marched toward the door.

"Colonel," said I, "under the circumstances there was but one thing for you to do. Your gallantry, you know. You should have married her."

"Y-e-s, but you know often when I come home late at night —"

He stopped, glanced suddenly at the clock, seized his cap, and bolted for home, remarking, as he slammed the door: "I'm d—ed if I agree with you."

J. M. Parker.

Cornell Magazine.

A Short Conversation.

"WHY is it men are so slow to take hints?" she asked, looking at him with questioning eyes.

"Are they always?" he asked, in return, as though surprised.

"Almost always. Sometimes I think they must be very blind indeed, or else —"

"Or else what?"

"They don't care. And you see it's so hard to decide which is true. I hate to think them all blind, and —"

"I am sure they care," he interrupted.

"Now, I once heard of a man," she continued, meditatively, "who was not blind, and who really did care. I should like to have met him."

"Please tell me about him," he begged.

"Well, you see he was a very nice man indeed. Only the girl hadn't known him very long — had just met him the week before, in fact, but during that week she had seen him almost every night. He was very polite and, having known her such a short time, was very discreet — as he should have been, of course," she added.

"Of course," he repeated.

"But one night at a dance the girl thought she would like him to be a little bit indiscreet, just a little, you know, so she gave the very slightest of hints."

"What was it?"

"She told him she liked men who weren't conventional, and who didn't always think of how things would appear, and then she asked him to take her out into the conservatory, and — well, he wasn't conventional, that's all."

"He was just a trifle indiscreet."

"Exactly. Of course she wouldn't have hinted if she hadn't rather liked the man and fancied he liked her."

"I'm sure he must have liked her very much."

"Well, he was a man who understood, you see. Oh, dear, there's my carriage, and I really must go. I'm not going to tell Arthur, though, for he always enjoys walking home, he says. So you may see me into the carriage, if you will."

He bowed and thanked her. A few moments later he went down the steps with her, and to the carriage.

"Isn't it a beautiful night?" she said. "So cold and clear. I always feel particularly happy on such a night."

"And I particularly gay," he rejoined.

He opened the door of the carriage and helped her in.

"Good night," said he, and closed the door.

She rapped lightly on the glass. "Let the window down," she begged.

When he had done so, she explained: "The air is so fresh I'd much rather have it blow in. I'm well protected, you see."

"Yes, I see," he answered, and he put his head in at the window and looked at her. "Yes, very well protected. Good night."

RUPERT S. HOLLAND.

Harvard Advocate.

Old Man.

DUNROY looked big and wholesome as he came across the campus in cool ducks and rowing jersey that hot August afternoon. The rowing jersey displayed to best advantage his perfectly muscled arms and magnificent shoulders, and the owner of them evidently knew it, judging from his air of satisfaction and comfort. A party of summer visitors passed him, and one of the women turned to look.

"That's Dunroy, the 'Varsity tackle," the guide explained, and then all the women followed the example of the first. Unconscious of this admiration, Dunroy turned the corner of Old North and narrowly escaped walking over a youth who wore glasses and carried a book.

"Hello, old man — didn't know you were back," said Dunroy, extending his hand, which the other took hesitatingly.

"We're the only people here," Dunroy continued. "Come up and see me, won't you? I am rooming over on Mercer Street."

Old Man called that evening, and he and Dunroy talked over everything from football to faculty. When Old Man took his hat to depart, Dunroy volunteered to walk up-town with him. The street was crowded, — it was Saturday night when the town people promenade, — and a score of pedestrians stared after the football player longer than was consistent with good breeding. Old Man saw this, and he threw back his stooping shoulders and strode along proudly. They had ice in a restaurant, and as they reached the street again, a young man with a cigarette and a dress-suit case pounced upon Dunroy with a joy that was unfeigned. Old Man went on down

the street toward home, and heard the man with the cigarette inquire, with a disagreeable inflection, "Who's your friend?" He heard Dunroy laugh indulgently. Old Man lay awake that night thinking hard, and before he went to sleep he resolved not to visit the house on Mercer Street again. But when Dunroy called under the window next morning, Old Man grabbed his cap eagerly, and the two walked ten miles over Rocky Hill before lunch-time.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance that grew very close under the soft, sleepy vacation spell of the old campus. Each told the other of his hopes and aspirations, and there were few heart secrets of one that the other did not know. Old Man was happy in Dunroy's confidence; but sometimes, when they loafed in the shade of a campus elm, dreaming away the quiet summer afternoon, or tramped with cleek and niblech across the golf links, he doubted.

One week there was unusual stir among the University minions; the dormitory doors stood open, and Biddies with brooms and bunches of keys waited about the entries. With suit-cases and Freshman brothers, with song and joyous

greeting, the students returned. Old friendships were cemented for another happy year, and after a week of confusion the University settled into its accustomed routine. The football men came back a few days earlier, and then it was that Old Man began to miss Dunroy. There were no more cross-country walks, no more tennis games, and Old Man was lonesome. The only time he saw Dunroy was when he went down to 'Varsity field to watch practice. One night after college was opened he climbed the stairs to Dunroy's room. There were a number of classmates there whom Old Man knew by sight. Dunroy introduced him to the crowd with careless grace; but Old Man went away soon. They seemed too happy.

The next day Old Man passed Dunroy, who was coming from Prospect with a crowd of fellow club-men. Dunroy, with his arm on another's shoulder, was deeply engaged in conversation, and did not hear Old Man's salutation. Again they met, face to face on the stairs in Dickinson; but Dunroy was hurrying to a class, and did not see Old Man or the look of appeal in his eyes. Five minutes later, in the solitude of his room, Old Man buried his face in a pile of sofa-

pillows and sobbed bitterly. He cut classes all that day, and when night came, and the gas-lights flickered in his entry, he did a very foolish thing.

It was time for all football men to be in bed when Dunroy hurried across Nassau Street toward the campus. At the gate he noticed a group of men and paused.

"Don't say anything about — please don't," said a voice, entreatingly; "he never did it before."

Dunroy drew near. In the midst of the group he saw Old Man was hatless, a wild, fearful look shone from his wandering eyes, and tears ran down his cheeks. A hard-faced proctor confronted the three.

Dunroy regarded Old Man with an expression of amusement and contempt.

"I didn't think it of you," he said. "You're a fool." And he walked away whistling.

LEONARD H. ROBBINS.

Nassau Literary Magazine.

The Shooting of Barrows, Freshman.

Jim Barrows was a fair student and an influential Senior, but had been a very green Freshman. As he had come from somewhere back in the woods and had almost wholly prepared himself, the ideas he brought to college were extraordinary. Freshman year he roomed on the lower floor front of Rood House. Some Seniors and a "Medic." had the rooms where the coop store now is. Jim always had to touch his hat to the Seniors, and had to call the Medic. "Doctor."

He had not been in town a month before an incident occurred whose memory stuck to him through his whole course. His neighbours had filled him with hazing yarns until, stout-hearted as he was, he really despaired of getting through college alive.

One evening three Sophomores were returning late from a partridge hunt over back of Norwich. Aside from a few hard green apples, they had nothing to show for their tramping. As they were wearily trudging by Rood House, they espied the unfortunate Jim standing be-

tween his lamp and the wide-open window. His back was toward them and his shoulders were bare. The night was dark. One man quietly cocked his gun, another selected a very hard apple, the third counted, "one, two, three." *Bang*, went the charge of shot in the air, while the well-thrown apple smacked stingingly between Jim's shoulders.

He didn't make a sound, just turned the most pitiful-looking face to the window, and then rushed across the hall. "They've done it at last," he gasped, bursting in upon the Seniors. "Where's the doctor? I'm shot, I'm shot. You fellows explain it all to mother, how a man has to run his chances when he goes to college."

A full explanation appeared in the next issue of the *Ægis*.

F. V. Bennis.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

An Alien.

"Throw up your hands, there!"

The answer was the flash and crack from three rifles. A trooper lurched forward heavily over his horse's neck.

"Fire!" cried the sheriff.

The Boy sighted along his gun-barrel as coolly as though he were at home on his grandfather's farm, shooting at a mark. All three men on the opposite bank fell. Two struggled to rise, but one lay motionless. The troopers splashed into the ford, the Boy following them. An excitement such as he had never felt before had succeeded his calmness. The sheriff bent over the dead man.

"Charlie Kirk!" he exclaimed, "the leader of the whole gang. He's your man too, sonny," turning to the Boy. "Only one of your slugs could make that," and he pointed to a hole in the man's forehead from which the blood was oozing, drop by drop. The Boy looked at the dead face. It was young and handsome, and the repose of death gave it a refinement, almost a nobility, which it might have lacked in life.

"Did I do that?" muttered the Boy, thickly.

"Makes you feel sort of winded, don't it?" said the sheriff. "I recollect the first time I knocked over a man myself. But you needn't cry much over *him*. He's the biggest horse-thief in Arizona, and I reckon he's plugged

several of that kind of holes in the citizens of these parts."

The Boy mounted his horse unsteadily. "I guess I'll go up to camp," he said, and, paying no heed to the sheriff's laugh, he rode into the ford again.

As the Boy wound slowly up the trail he wondered if it could be only two months since he was mowing hay on the old farm in New Hampshire, and moving his scythe carefully lest he should hurt some of the many little creatures that live in the meadows. To-day he had killed a man as indifferently as he would have shot a squirrel. What was it to him if the man was a horse-thief? He had not stolen his horse. In New Hampshire horses were not considered of so much more value than men.

When he looked up at last he saw that he was on a new trail, leading over a part of the mountain unknown to him. All about him was the dark, solemn mountain, without sign of civilisation except one cabin in the bend of the trail. Flowers blossomed in the plot around it, vines twined over the little porch, and white curtains fluttered at the windows. Homesick tears filled the Boy's eyes, it was all so cheerful and happy

in the midst of that dreary land. A woman stepped into the trail from the open door. She was young and sweet-faced. The late sunlight made her brown hair gleam like bronze and touched her cheeks with rose. Her eyes, as she lifted them to the Boy, were as soft and innocent as a little child's. The Boy gave a great sigh like one awakening from an evil dream; life out in the far, strange country was not all violence and death.

"Good evening, stranger, won't you 'light?" said the woman. "We'll have some supper as soon as my husband comes. I'm waiting for him now. Maybe you passed him? His name's Charlie Kirk." The hand on the horse's bridle twitched violently and a fierce trouble leaped into the Boy's eyes, but his voice was steady as he answered, "No, ma'am, I ain't ever known him. I've got to be pushing on, thank you!"

As he spurred his horse down the trail, although he did not know it, he was the Boy no more.

GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER.

Vassar Miscellany.

At the End of It.

Sometimes it is the college life that brings out in a man's four years the best that is in him; sometimes it is the struggle for college life. I have known men to sing and whistle away their dinner-hour, lest others returning well filled should think them hungry. I have known men to grind out good mathematics under the impetus of a gnawing abdomen; to grow harsh and disagreeable under the double strain, and yet withal to retain a tender feeling for the college mother. It was the last night of the year, with the big hall deserted and lonesome, that one such man came into my room, and strolling to the window looked out into the darkness of the court below. I knew he did not wish to talk, so I left him to himself. His story I knew too well.

He had entered college an unknown Freshman; he had waited on table for his board; he had passed papers for his room rent; had gone on to the gridiron in the afternoon, and studied late into the night. After two years the honours came, first the "S," then the captain of it, but

even that could not atone for the hardships still pressing. A 'Varsity captain must live, and the bigger he is the more he must eat. In the last days he was a hero, but his previous struggle made light the honour he should have felt. "Let's go and get drunk," he said, at last, turning suddenly. I was trying to solve him, and was finding the problem hard. I laid my pipe away and took down my hat without replying. He opened the door and we went out. A hundred yards down the road he stopped. "I don't want to get drunk," he said; "I've never been drunk in my four years. Let's steal fruit — anything — I can't stand it." We started toward the orchards, known of old to the Phi-Phis, but we had not gone far when he stopped again.

"I'm going to bed, old man," he exclaimed, and turned about. I was still studying him, when he opened the conversation.

"I haven't any blankets to-night," he began; "they are in my trunk, and my trunk is in Palo Alto. As I spent my first night, when the student's transfer forgot my trunk, so I spend my last one, — between the mattresses."

"My roommate is away," I said; "take his bed." So it was agreed.

We reached the hall, and, turning down the dark passage, climbed the stairs to my room. At the entrance he stopped and spoke. He began harshly, but before he finished speaking his voice broke.

"I'm not going to sleep here," he said. "I'm going to my own room. It's the last — night — and — I'll not be here again."

An hour later, taking some bedclothes in my arms, I slipped around to his room and quietly opened the door. In the middle of the room was the bed, and between the mattresses a figure.

"I brought you some bedclothes," I began.

"Go 'way, Ham," he said. "I don't want them."

I left him and closed the door, and he was alone with his room.

J. R. Hamilton.
Stanford Sequoia.

Told by the Doctor.

Doctor B. never partook of our hospitality without duly rewarding us with a story, usually a personal experience; and as he had spent a

large part of his life in India, as surgeon in the British army, the tales were varied and exciting.

We had been discussing the possibility of death caused by fright, and some one had made the statement that it was all foolishness to believe that a man was ever killed in that way.

"I know better," said the doctor. "Listen to this little incident of my life in India, and then see what you think about it.

"We had just finished tiffin, and were sitting around the table trying to keep cool. We conversed in a desultory fashion, until we got started on the subject of snakes, when young J. stated that he had been in India six months, and as yet had not seen a cobra.

"'What would you do, if you suddenly became aware that a cobra was crawling across your leg?' I idly asked.

"'Do? Why, I'd knock it off like a flash, and shoot it.'

"'You'd be a fool if you did,' said old Major C., as he tipped back his chair, and thrust his arm through the open window, resting it on the sill.

"'Well, then, what would *you* do?' asked J.

"'Sit still till he'd crawled off, and then shoot him,' said the major.

"'There isn't a man living who has the nerve —'

"'For God's sake don't move, major,' I interrupted, in a whisper; 'don't stir, don't breathe; there's one of those devils crawling up your arm.'

"The major turned a shade paler, but sat like a statue carved from stone; not a muscle in his face moved, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. J. and I were almost as still, as we watched the devilish, beautiful thing with a sort of fascination. It seemed unaware of our presence, and glided slowly along the man's arm, over his shoulder, and across his breast, stopping from time to time, and swaying its head gracefully from side to side.

"The suspense was horrible, but we could do nothing, as the slightest movement on our part meant death to our companion. At last the creature slid slowly down to the ground, and had glided half-way to the door, when J. suddenly drew his revolver, and fired, blowing the brute to atoms.

"'You have wonderful nerves, major,' I said, turning with a sigh of relief. He made no reply,

but sat staring straight ahead, with fixed, glazed eyes. I touched his hand, but drew away in horror, for it was rigid.

"And that," said the doctor, "is how I know that death can be caused by fright."

The Tech.

Overheard — In Arcady?

"WELL, now, I think — "

"Oh, Lord! Be quiet, will you? Think! Keep thinking!"

"I was going to say that I think — "

"But you don't think. You only think you think."

"Bah, lad. You talk like a Shakespeare fool at his worst."

"And you — you talk like Hall Caine at his best. Now, let me work."

"Well, as I was going to say — "

"That's better! Oh, Lord, that's better! 'Going to say!' A moment ago you were going to think. But whatever you're going to do, leave me out of it."

"Well — "

"Shut up!"

"I was going to say —"

"Again?"

"I've got to be going along."

"How? What? Don't be an ass, man. I'll be through this stuff in a couple of minutes, and then we'll hit up the pipe and sherry. Sit down! Well, if you won't, go to the devil. Good night, Mike."

Harvard Advocate.

Fable of the Two Men and the Pomegranate.

Now it happened once upon a time that two young men were travelling along a country road and conversing of ambition. The one said, "I am ever striving for lofty ideals and high favours, for 'tis only thus that one can become President."

The other said, "I take what fortune throws into my lap. The paths of glory lead but to the undertaker's, and I'm a democrat, anyway."

Now they had not gone many paces when they saw by the roadside a pomegranate-tree with a single pom hanging from a lofty branch.

"I wish that I had it," sighed the fellow.

"I, too, wish it," said the other, "but I do more than idly wish. Behold!" So saying, he climbed into the tree after it. But just as he was about to grasp it the wind swayed the branch, the fruit fell, and the fellow below caught it and ate it.

IMMORAL.

Cæsar was ambitious. What's the use, anyway?

Princeton Tiger.

Unavailable.

THE two subsequent tales were perpetrated by a secret concentration of several "*Courant* stories." In a manner they are epitomes of the sort of thing it doesn't pay to "hand in."

This is one sort:

It was an awf'ly fine day. Really delicious. There were lots of pretty girls about. And a soft, balmy breeze was sighing in the trees. The girls were very pretty. It was distracting. So thought Archibald Waters. Archibald threw

aside his book with a muttered curse. He could see the pretty girls from his window. And he knew that a balmy breeze was sighing through the trees.

"Oh," he sighed, pacing his room like a panther, and again, "Oh." Suddenly his face grew diabolic. His white lips curled back from his clenched teeth. "Darn it!" he cried aloud in anguish. Suddenly he staggered backward. He pressed his hands to his fevered brow. He was thinking of his mother. Etc.

This is the other sort:

The prairie rolled away. Distant grumblings of thunder grumbled. It was going to rain.

My little mustang was nervous. And I, although I have seen so many horrible things, ah! so very many horrible things, I too was nervous. A premonition that something horrible was going to happen came over me like a flash. It was horrible!

My hair rose swiftly, and I glanced at my Indian guide, who was riding sullenly at my side, as he had done for many, many miles, saying nothing, but looking surly and sullen, and so

murderous that I had already frequently cursed my childlike foolishness in taking unto myself such a devil, such a brute, such a — Suddenly it began to rain, and fearing if it continued we would get wet, I dismounted from my little mustang, who was appearing still more nervous, as if she, too, felt the fell clutch of the horrible premonition which had come over her beloved master like a flash.

We encamped. The prairie rolled away. It rained, ah! so drearily.

I turned to my Indian guide.

He was not there!

So it was true!

Something had happened.

Etc.

These two may be classed as the "Lyric Love," and the "Epic Indian." They are frequently astonishing; but they do not interest a sufficiently large number of readers. This is our sole objection to them.

SAMUEL G. CAMP.

Yale Courant.

A Queen.

He loafed into the room, slumped into the window-seat and gazed reflectively at the last faint traces of a once gorgeous sunset. In the silence that followed, I suppose he thought that he was communing with me, for we are believers in that poetic creed. But I was worrying over a cash book with two ends that couldn't be persuaded to meet, and the golden medium didn't work. He heaved a sigh or two, — to no avail, for I was chasing an errant thought, — and finally spoke in tragic tones :

"She's a queen!"

"No doubt."

"But she'd show a good head if she wouldn't come over to any more football games."

"No doubt." (I was making a mental tour of all the stores in town now, and had worried the difference down to less distressing dimensions.)

"There are two things an average girl can't do —"

"More than that."

"One is to preserve her beauty in the surf,

and the other is to show intelligence on the side lines."

"No doubt." (It was a mere matter of dimes now and I rejoiced that the end was near.) There was an ominous silence followed by a thud as a pillow landed. I gave up the chase and paid undivided attention.

"Give me no more of your doubts and no doubts," he said. "What I want is a little sympathy. Got her well seated on the stand, and just began to give her a pointer or two, when she waxed poetical. Said the five-yard marks reminded her of the first verse in 'Tosti's Farewell.'"

"How's that?"

"'*Lines of white on a sullen sea!*' Didn't like the uniforms as well as white ducks and cheviots. Wanted to know why they kept stopping to stand up in those funny rows. Wondered why we didn't kick a goal from our own ten-yard line. Noticed that one of them hit another when he didn't need to. And finally crooned for joy when a run of fifty yards was made around our left end."

"Well, it's all over now," I said, in attempt to comfort him. "You won't have to go through it again."

"Yes, I will, too," he said, quickly. And then he tried to look unconcerned:

"Oh! — you will?"

But he went away. Just because I laughed, I suppose. But he's right. She is a queen.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

At Mott Haven.

The race had started. Before I had time to notice anything — before my brain had recovered from the strain of listening for the pistol — we all rose mechanically to the first hurdle. Then ideas began to flash in, clear and distinct. Before the second hurdle I realised that I was behind, and even recognised my opponents, partly by remembering their positions at the start, partly by noticing their peculiar gaits. There was Bright; and, to my left, Stevens; beyond him, the six-feet-four of Heard, — two from Yale, she had one place sure. At the third hurdle I was still behind, but gaining; last year, too, they were all ahead of me for half the race.

The fourth flight: I could hear the crowd yelling, and could distinguish my name in the babel. One voice, puzzlingly familiar, rose

above the others in a cry of "Harvard." Weeks afterward, a friend surprised me (for he is not usually interested in athletics) by mentioning that he had seen the race. At once I was back on the track and hearing his "Harvard."

At the fifth hurdle — half-way through the race — we were all abreast. She said they had seats opposite the hundred finish; that was the next flight; but I remembered how Conant fell last year, and did not dare look round even to see if she was wearing that bit of ribbon. Yet I must have begun to dream of last winter, of the dances before I went into training, for all at once there were only two hurdles in front of me. How like clock-work the long weeks' training had made the motion. Seven steps and a —

And then I felt some one spurting behind me on my left — that must be Stevens. I had never run against him before; if he should prove a strong finisher! Bright noticed his spurt, too, and tried to equal him. But, instead, he weakened terribly, and fell behind over the ninth hurdle.

That was my time, I knew. With the extra effort came a sense of exhilaration. How easy

it had been to clear the ninth flight, and what a pleasure it was to run!

Yet how odd it all was, — the judges and timers pressing forward around the finish-line, the crowd cheering and excited, and we four running and jumping bars of wood placed in our path. Why did we do it? . . .

The last flight of all, and then the twenty-yard sprint, straight at the crowd on the track, the snapping of the tape across my chest, and friends grasping my hand.

J. W. Hopford.
Harvard Advocate.

Metamorphosis.

Two years ago she flunked lightly through Trig. I sat back of her all that quarter, and worshipped the underneath of her chin, her hair, her choking collar, her wee, wee waist, and her swagger little Oxfords. I, with the rest of the men, did her homage, knelt to her, and burnt incense in unobtrusive silence. She was to me the very essence of light fun and sweet feminine caprice. She footed it so neatly through her cobwebby loves and gaieties.

To-day I saw her with her husband. She is still that striking thing, — a woman with a beautiful back, who does not shock you when she turns around. But I surprised in her eyes, with the glance of recognition, a look so grave and sad that I wondered if she found life a Strauss waltz, — bubbling foam above and heaven knows what briny bitterness beneath.

A.

University of Chicago Weekly.

Two and Two.

"Dick," she said, arching her eyebrows, "do you really love me?"

"By the eternal stars!" I cried.

"If you swear such oaths, I shall be afraid you're trying to convince yourself," she remarked, lifting her chin at a high angle.

I kissed her.

"Why did you dance so often with Alice Weston last night?" she said, with a pout.

"She is the best dancer here," I answered.

"Oh, is she?"

"Ah, sweet, is it worth while to say that two and two make four? Always excepting you."

"Sha'n't I fill your pipe for you?" she said. That is what she always does when she is pleased. I gave it to her. She very slowly packed the tobacco into the bowl with her little finger. I had once been foolish enough to tell her she never looked quite as pretty as when she was doing that.

"Yes," I answered, when she handed me the pipe at length, "it is certainly true."

"What?" she queried.

"I don't think you would be interested," said I.

"Oh, if you adopt that tone, I'm going," she said, fastening two large blue ribbons under her chin.

"Would you like to know?" I asked.

"Good-bye," she answered, with a radiant smile.

"Well, then," I said.

"Well, then?"

"Oh," said I, "I was merely thinking that, after all, I am really quite fond of you."

She gave vent to a little laugh. "Two and two always did make four," said she.

The Morningside.

The Man from Yale.

I ALWAYS pitied Tom, because he had such hard luck with his love affairs. He was continually getting smitten with some girl, going through the usual agonies of doubt, jealousy, and all that; and then, finally disillusioned, he would settle down to sensible life till the next girl came along, which was generally in about six months. I hadn't laid eyes on the man for two years; and when I met him at the club, one afternoon last November, — it was the day before Thanksgiving, — his cheery "Hello, old man! By Jove! but I'm glad to see you!" sent the old-time enthusiasm of a college friendship like a thrill into my heart. He looked robust and hearty; no more nonsense about girls for him, I opined.

Then he began: "Do you know, old man," with a rather quizzical look, "I was pretty hard hit last summer."

His face bore the old confidential expression, and my heart sank. I knew I'd got to listen, so I started a fresh pipe and leaned comfortably back.

"I met lots of girls last summer. There was a girl at Bar Harbour, who seemed afterward to be so sweet on that Harvard chap, — I've forgotten his name, — but she didn't count. Neither did that blonde at Marblehead, who used to go sailing with Jim Trask so much. You remember Jim, — big, dark-skinned fellow, who played on the 'Varsity when Thomas was captain. The girl I mean was the one at Islesboro, — lovely soft brown hair, and great deep eyes that looked you right through; you know the kind.

"We seemed to get along well from the very first. I remember I danced with her four times the first night I met her, and got myself disliked for it by all the other men. Jealous, you see. That didn't bother me any, nor her, for that matter, for we used to have most of the dances together at every hop. We went to walk a lot, too, and — well, hang it, you know how a fellow gets to feeling when he is thrown much with a nice girl. I cared for her a great deal. I had been soft on girls before," — charming frankness, I thought, — "but this was so different," — like all the rest, I contradicted mentally.

"Of course everybody made a pile of talk, but I was the happiest man in all Maine, till along came a man from —"

"Let me finish your yarn for you. Along came a man from Yale."

"Yes; I believe he was a Yale man, but —"

"No buts, please. This Yale man was good-looking?"

"Yes."

"Athletic?"

"Rather."

"Got quickly into her good graces —"

"Wait, I tell you. He —"

"No, I'll go on. They were together a great deal?"

"Now, see here, you're the biggest —"

"And I dare say he used to take her hand now and then?"

"You're a perfect ch—"

"Even kissed her?"

Tom looked as though he would have liked to eat me. I was simply taking the wind out of his sails, and he didn't like it.

"And was always the last one to say good night to her, — in short, cut you out entirely, and was safe at last in calling her his own.

Honestly, old man, I'm dead sorry for you. I've been used that way myself."

I smiled good-naturedly. I dearly love to spoil a man's story, though it's mean, I admit.

Tom looked hard at me for a minute.

"You're a born fool!" he said, deliberately. "If you'll let me, I'll finish my story myself, and finish it straight; and if you'll take dinner with me to-morrow I'll prove it."

"Delighted, I'm sure!"

"Now," said he, "I married that girl last October. That Yale man was her father, Class of '69."

And I didn't say a thing.

The Tech.

The Hazing of Sammy.

THE first Monday in September came at last. Sammy Mosely had looked forward to it with great eagerness; for it was to be an important day in his life. It was to be his fifth birthday; he was to graduate from petticoats into trousers, and he was to begin his career at the district school.

It seemed to Sammy that half-past eight would

never come. He tramped impatiently about the sitting-room, every now and then casting a shy glance of approval at himself in the glass. He certainly did look attractive. His new suit fitted him well, his new necktie was a beautiful shade of red, and his round, freckled face shone with soap and satisfaction.

At last his mother told him he might start for school. She stood in the door and watched him proudly as he went down the path. He had a red apple clutched tightly in one hand. Under his arm he carried a new slate, with a sponge and a slate-pencil tied to its frame by a long pink string. He marched bravely along undaunted by fears of anything that the new experience might bring him. His mother had offered to go with him, since this was his first morning, but her offer had been a blow to his pride and he had refused indignantly. There had been signs of a tempest of tears, so she had hastily withdrawn her offer, but her assurance for his well-being was by no means so great as his own.

"Sammy," she had said, impressively, as he was about to start, "I want you to let the big boys alone. Just so sure as you don't you'll come to trouble."

With a beaming face, Sammy had promised. His mother watched him out of sight, then she returned to the kitchen to her Monday's washing.

Some time later, as she was putting up her clothes-line in the yard, her attention was attracted by loud, heart-broken sobs. She recognised the voice and hurried to the gate. Her son was coming up the path; all his manhood gone. His collar was half off. The shine had disappeared from his face, and the apple from his hand. The slate he still carried, but the sponge and a broken slate-pencil dangled dejectedly from the string.

"Sammy," said his mother, in sorrowful, sympathetic reproof, "why couldn't you keep away from the big boys?"

"O — O —" sobbed Sammy, in a louder burst of grief and rage, "I d-d-did! b-but the b-big girls k-kissed me."

HARRIET GOODRICH MARTIN.

Smith College Monthly.

A Dangerous Room-mate.

A CREW man, when delirious, makes an unpleasant room-mate. Last spring, during a bad case of grippe, Tom went off his head; after tearing our rooms to pieces generally, he threw me violently against the door and got into bed. Then he tucked his feet under the lower bar of the foot of his bed and began rowing "to beat the band." Shouts, water, light could not stop him, and as for physical effort — I weigh a hundred and twenty-three! He worked away for five minutes, and would have kept it up still longer had I not thought of reducing him suddenly to a state of collapse by a sharp "Let 'er *run!*"

Harvard Advocate.

A Scene on a Kansas Ranch.

I COULD see nothing but a field of alfalfa which stretched away and away into a wooded ravine somewhere off on the horizon. All around were low wooden triangles, for what, I did not know. Before I had time to ask I

saw several men coming with five wagons loaded with ground corn, which the men unloaded and put in the triangles. Then they began a loud, penetrating call which sounded like "Hoùpee, hoùp-ee, h-o-ù-p-e-e!" In a twinkling there formed on the woody horizon a big black cloud which came toward us with marvellous rapidity, and quickly resolved itself into a large drove of little pigs running along on fast pattering hoofs. They squealed and squealed and grunted; they fell down, rolled over, threw each other down; they piled themselves three deep in their efforts to get at one trough. At last they were distributed, and when we drove away we left six hundred and seventy-five little black noses burrowing in ground corn, and six hundred and seventy-five throats grunting with satisfaction.

K. M. D.

Wells College Chronicle.

Dead Broke.

THROUGH the open transom, we could hear him tramp up the stairs and knock at the first door he came to.

"I wanted to see," he apologised, "if you

would help the crew out financially. We've got to raise — "

"Oh, I'm dead broke!"

"That's the common cry, but the fellows ought to support athletics."

"Well, come in. I can't do much for you."

The door of the unlucky room shut with a thud, and we could hear the distant confusion of voices within.

Presently, all along the corridor, doors opened softly, and the inmates of six rooms found business which called them away for some time, for they all put out their lights before they slipped down the stairs.

Harvard Advocate.

The New Term.

"WELL," said the Soph, coming into the Senior's room, "we are really back, aren't we?"

"Oh, very much so," said the Senior, grimly. She was sitting on the floor by her trunk, with various articles spread around her, and she looked hot, and just a trifle cross. The Soph, on the contrary, looked cool and sweet-tempered.

"I can hardly realise that the new college year has really begun," she said, cheerfully.

"Well, really — have you unpacked? That brings it home to me. And if you want to make it still more real, go and wrangle with the authorities about your schedule, and then go down-town and pay eight dollars for your books, merely as a starter."

"I have a bill, thank goodness," said the Soph, fanning languidly with a note-book. "And I like getting my books. I always feel as if I were going to do such a lot of work."

"I know," assented the Senior, rising with an armful of clothes. "Oh, bother! pick up that pile of handkerchiefs, Mary. Yes, one does feel that way. I always like to fix my schedule."

"If only the feeling would last; but it's generally pretty well gone by December."

"Yes," said the Senior, again. "Unfortunately, enthusiasm does turn into stupid grinding, doesn't it?"

"One doesn't keep on seeing the good of it all," said the Soph, regretfully.

"Lest we forget, lest we forget," quoted the Senior, sitting down on the edge of the trunk.

"But I suppose the enthusiasm of the beginning ought to give one impetus enough to get over the dull parts."

"After coasting down one hill, one oughtn't to mind pushing up the next."

"And, after all, there do come nice, level places, where there's just work enough to be pleasant," said the Senior, carrying on the figure. "You just have to take it as it comes. Of course, the sandy places, and the muddy ones, and the stony ones, are disagreeable, but I've found it's best to keep pedalling on. You see, you've either got to go on, or fall off, and the former is generally safer and pleasanter, and saves time."

"Don't you think there's some way of spreading the freshness of the beginning out thin, to last over the session?" asked the Soph, after a few moments' silence.

"No; I don't believe there is. The novelty is bound to wear off."

"But one misses so much."

"Yes, the only thing I know is to try and think of the ultimate object when things seem tiresome, and freshen up one's ardour by realising it."

"And it is — ?"

"My dear, if you have heard commencement addresses and baccalaureate sermons, and have read numberless essays on the 'College Girl,' without discovering that, I pity your obtuseness. Can't you recall that much-used phrase, an all-round girl, or to put it more elegantly, a symmetrically developed woman?"

"I seem to have heard it," admitted the Sophomore. "Oh, dear! if one could *only* keep up to the point one gets to occasionally, when it is impossible to aim at anything lower than a star!"

"One could hit higher things than trees, then," said the Senior, fishing the last articles out of her trunk. "But, after all, it's the daily round that makes up the aggregate, and though that's bound to be humdrum in the very nature of things, it can be turned to good account, if the light from one's star is only strong and steady."

"And to keep it so?"

"Why, choose the right sort of star, and make yourself keep on caring for it. Here's my cap. Don't I make a nice Senior?"

"You'll be cross-eyed before Christmas,"

laughed the Soph. "Let me show you how *I* look. Oh, dear, there's the dressing bell!"

"That old familiar sound ought to make you feel at home," said the Senior, as she closed her trunk with a bang.

"Just what it *doesn't* do," answered the other, and she ran off, whistling "Home, Sweet Home."

LOUISA B. GAMBRALL.
The Kalends.

Inklings.

"MIRROR," said the beauty, "teach me the secret of unconsciousness."

"Never look me in the face again," reflected the mirror.

One day Pride stumbled over Happiness. "What is this in my way?" she asked.

"If you would look down you could see me," was the answer.

"There is the light of immortal beauty glowing from your eyes," sighed the bankrupt suitor to the ugly heiress.

"Are you sure it doesn't come from my diamond earrings?" she asked, innocently.

Fear gazed into the fierce waves where Joy was tossing. "I dare not go," he cried.

Suddenly Love stood by his side and touched him. It was Courage that leaped into the wave.

"Emerson says, 'Hitch your wagon to a star;' but what if the star falls?" asked a man of the philosopher.

"There are fixed stars. Go study your astronomy and try another," answered the philosopher.

Said the chicken to the little girl, "I am an angel, for I have wings."

"But I'm far nearer heaven than you," and the child stretched out her arms to the sky.

Then the chicken found it could fly only as high as the hem of the child's dress.

P. R. C.

The Mount Holyoke.

The Cat the Queen Stroked.

TERENCE O'SHAY of the Cork Fusileers was on board the first transport of convalescents sent home from the Crimea after the fall of Sebastopol in '55. Though no treaty of peace had as yet been signed, the war was practically over and the Allies victorious; and so this first boat-load of invalids was welcomed back to England with all the prestige of conquerors. An immense crowd collected on the wharf at Woolwich, and the queen herself reviewed the troops in the square. They were from all the regiments in the service, and presented a rather forlorn appearance as they drew up in a long double line and saluted the royal party; but the onlookers gave them cheer after cheer, which they returned lustily. Then the queen made a pretty little speech and presented them with medals.

Corporal O'Shay was one of the fortunate fifty whose insignia were pinned on by Her Majesty's own hand. He still relates the occurrence periodically for the benefit of contemporary historians. "'Oi's proud av yez,' sez the quane,

as Oi halted afore the shtand an' puffed up me chist. 'Bedad an' Oi'm a bit proud av meself,' sez Oi, wid a wink at the Djuke av York, an' they bot' begins to laff; and thin" — and Terence's story goes on like Tennyson's brook.

Near O'Shay in line was a little drummer-boy with a big gray cat hugged close in his arms. He had brought it all the way from the Crimea, and the pair naturally attracted a good deal of attention; the queen took the cat out of the child's arms and petted it for a moment and asked the boy some kindly questions. Such marked notice caused considerable surprise, and the papers the next morning spoke of the incident at some length. As O'Shay sat smoking a pipe after breakfast and idly considering the above fact, a sudden thought occurred to him which necessitated calling together his two old cronies, O'Rourke and Sullivan, in hurried council.

An hour later a respected citizen of Greenwich encountered an Irish soldier sauntering along one of the main streets of the town with a pipe in his mouth and an unhappy tom-cat under his arm. It was the respected citizen who made the first advances.

"That's a fine cat you've got there, my man."

"Yis, your honour, 'tis a foine animal," answered Terence.

"What's its name?"

"Balaklava, sorr."

"What! you didn't bring it all the way from the Crimea, did you?"

"Oi did, sorr. Oi was shot in the shoulder a-laiding the Loight Bregade in their noble chairge, sorr, an' whin Oi cam to me senses in the hospitol, sorr, this cat was purring on me cot, sorr. We've bane inseeperable iver since, sorr."

"I don't suppose this is the cat Her Majesty made so much of yesterday, is it?"

"The viry wan, sorr."

"Why, is it really?"

"Yis, sorr; ye see, sorr, me an' Jimmy — he's the drummer-bye, ye know — we is ould pals, sorr, an' Oi lave him carry Balaklava in the parade yisterday, sorr."

"You wouldn't care to part with it, would you, my man?"

"Mony couldn't bouy it, sorr. Puir Jimmy, 'is 'eart 'le brake, the little darlin'."

And so the conversation progressed by easy

stages until Terence departed with his fingers twined lovingly about a crinkly pound note and his eye scanning the back-yard fences in search of other available Balaklavas.

"An' how monny cats did yez sell the day, Jimmy?" asked O'Shay that evening when the three cronies gathered together in the barracks.

"Fower."

"Ye puir inexpeerienced phule," grunted Terence, "Oi bagged noin meself."

H. D. G.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Progress of the Crews.

(*A la Daily Sin.*)

THE crew room presents a busy scene these days. Our reporter made his usual trip to the gymnasium yesterday, took a bath, and interviewed Mr. Courtney on the progress of the crews. The latter very cordially placed the coxswain's seat at the disposal of his visitor, and, note-book in hand, our representative recorded the following:

No. 1. Showed weakness in conversational

powers. His hair was parted on one side, causing him to swing far to the left with every stroke.

No. 2. Had a very inexpressive face. His clothing was not nearly new, and at times he perspired in a disgraceful manner. He is by no means sure of his seat.

No. 3. Extremely discourteous. When No. 4 dropped a stroke he refused to return it to him, although he saw the loss plainly.

No. 4. Drops strokes noisily and carelessly. Eats tobacco surreptitiously and looks deceitful.

No. 5. One arm is much longer than the other. Mr. Courtney says that a knot can be easily tied which will make both arms the same length.

No. 6. Pulls very strongly. At times he makes a swishing noise. It is presumed that his lungs are full of water.

No. 7. Has a hungry, heavy, ghoulish stare. A good oarsman, but he watches the nude cervix of No. 8 intently. Mr. Courtney fears he is a man-eater.

No. 8. Has a noticeable lack of variety in his rowing. Wears a Wittenberg College pin. When asked to point out the weak points of the

men behind him, he absolutely declined to be interviewed.

All these faults Mr. Courtney expects to correct before the crews get on the water. He said that he wished to congratulate the *Sin* on its articles on athletics. He also inquired about the subscription rates. The *Sin* has determined to coöperate with Mr. Courtney in developing a good crew, and to this end it asks the support of the entire student body.

The Cornell Widow.

The World's End.

The clear, cold air made our blood bound deliciously as we set off, with high hope, to seek the World's End. The brown road, fringed with rusty grasses, curved away indefinitely. The earth was all our own, with no house or human being to dispute our claim. We thrilled with the sense of possession. Over a pond dull brown with autumn shadows and thick grown with rustling reeds the road led; then past a meadow where the grass was still bright green. Across its rolling surface came the softened clang of a cow-bell. And what exquisite be-

wilderment and indecision seized us at the cross-roads! For three would lead back to the peopled world we had left, and only one to the World's End. Such momentous choice could not be made unaided. We murmured a childish formula, and turned to the left. Ah, yes! surely this was the road we sought; for there, far above us, up a steep hill and through a gateway of dark pines, it vanished into the blue sky. Longingly we gazed at the goal of our desire, soft and filmy in the blue-gray haze of distance, and then turned back. We dared not go to the World's End after all.

L. V. N. M.

Wellesley Magazine.

The Smoker.

The sun fought its way through the dust-laden windows, pouring down on the heads of the few passengers, and lighting up the faded plush on the seats, while the shadows of the pine-trees flitted along over the tobacco-stained floor.

The big man in the corner looked down at his neighbour and laughed. "Ye're dead right,"

he said. "I ain't been back fer nigh three years."

The other smiled sleepily. "Glad to git back, ain't ye?" he asked, indifferently, twisting his finger around in a blackened pipe-bowl.

"I jist be! Dad oughter be waitin' fer me a'ready down't the platform. On'y one more stop? Ye do feel good when ye git hum, don't ye? I tell ye, daddy'll give half his old heart to git sight o' me. He's jes' that fond o' me."

His neighbour smiled again, and went on twisting the pipe-bowl around. The big man turned to the window and gazed out at the endless succession of pine-trees. The afternoon dragged along. The train creaked and jolted; the cinders sifted through the roof and settled down on everything below. The sunlight was gone from the floor, and only now and then it struck in at the windows through a clearing in the pines, while the train slowed up. It stopped, with a long-drawn hissing of steam. Some one came through from the forward car and slammed the door behind him. The big man by the door glanced up and then jumped to his feet, trembling. His neighbour looked sleepily from one to the other. The newcomer spoke:

"Ye'd better come quiet-like, Bob."

The big man looked at him appealingly and sobbed a little and then swore, but he picked up his hat and got out into the aisle.

"Ye'd ought 'a knowed better'n to make fer home," the man spoke, reproachfully, "any fool'd do that."

Bob stopped his swearing suddenly, and his face twitched. "Yes," he said, "any fool'd do that."

DAVID DE F. BURRELL.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Sweet Is True Love.

PHIL was puzzled. He tilted his chair back, and blew the smoke of his cigar into the air, as if hoping to find in the blue clouds an answer to his problem. Was ever man so situated? Last night, when he started in such spirits for Mrs. Seymour's reception, he did not dream of the fate hanging over him. And all because of those two girls. Oh, *why* had he been such a fool? He remembered seeing Edith soon after he entered the rooms that were dazzling in their festal array, and a fit setting for such a jewel of a girl. Well, she did look handsome

and no mistake, and after the dance what wonder that he asked her to go to the conservatory. And then — and then, well, the first thing he knew he was telling her how much he loved her, and asking her to be his wife. And she? She, with her beautiful eyes cast down, promised to send him an answer on the morrow. Then another partner claimed her, and (here Phil groaned) who should come up but Madge, saucy, pretty Madge, looking as piquant and bewitching as any little fairy that ever beguiled a man! And *couldn't* Madge dance to perfection? In the conservatory again, among the roses, he forgot Edith, forgot everything except that Madge was the prettiest girl he ever saw, and — and he proposed to her, too! But just as the words passed his lips, some one came in to claim Madge for the next dance, and with a whispered "to-morrow" she left him, giving one look backward as she did so.

So there it was! Engaged to two girls at once. For, of course, both would accept, dear little things; he had long known they both liked him a little too well. Now, which should he take? They were both such nice girls. Edith was a queen, and would grace the head of any

man's table. Yes, Edith was the one to choose. But then there was Madge, brilliant, provoking Madge, just the kind of girl he liked. A fellow never *could* get tired of a girl like that. And besides, it would hurt Madge more than Edith to be given up, for, with all her saucy ways, she was a sensitive little thing. Yes, he would take her, and Edith would have to go. And here Phil drew a long breath that was nearly akin to a sigh. But he thought, "It *is* a comfort for a fellow to have his mind fully made up." Just then a dainty note was handed him, brought by special messenger. He opened it:

"DEAR BOY: — After talking the matter over, we have both decided to say no. Yours,

"EDITH AND MADGE."

LILLIAN S. THROOP.

The Stanford Sequoia.

A Fortunate Foursome.

WE were playing in a mixed foursome that afternoon. One of those unscientific and altogether delightful games, where the mixed means much more than the foursome. By some chance,

for which the caddy and a dollar were responsible, we had gotten far behind the other couple, and I could see them resting under the trees by the last hole on the hillside, as we came to the tee.

"Now make a long drive, a record breaker," said Molly, "and we may win yet."

Those eyes again! They would have spoiled the form of an angular Scotchman with forty years on St. Andrew's behind him, and I was just out of college, and a lover of human nature.

"You've hit the bunker!" said Molly, pathetically, when I finished, "and the caddy has gone; the wretch has forgotten all about us."

"But not about my dollar," thought I, and winked at the daisies.

"Oh, Jack! Oh, Molly!" came faintly from over the hill-top, as we walked through the meadow.

I lied unblushingly, "Rather late to hear a robin sing, isn't it?"

"Yes, rather," said Molly, and turned to loose a briar from her skirt.

We were down in the valley by this time, with no living thing about but a meditative cow and a hidden chorus of bullfrogs. Then and there I decided that the crowning perfec-

tion of human costume had been reached in a golf dress, and speculated how long it would be safe to pretend I did not know where the ball was. At last she found it, half hidden in the cup some hoof had made.

"Let me hit it," I suggested.

"No, that would not be fair," answered Molly, thoughtfully, "but you may help me, if you will. You know how; catch hold of the stick, just as the golf teacher does when he shows you the proper swing."

I believe I groaned. I am quite sure I made some inappropriate remark; but to come very near to holding her in my arms, to fairly clasp her hands in mine, without giving myself away, and losing her for good and all, was a temptation I shuddered to think of.

It was not so bad after all. Arms over her shoulder, just like the golf teacher, bless him! My hands on hers, and then the swing. If only she had kept those eyes on the ball. She didn't; she was looking at me! I wavered; I looked at her! Thunder! I'd kissed her!

There was a stump close at hand, and I sat down on it, with my back toward her. I knew that she had gone to tell the others how she

had been insulted, and that I had abused her confidence, and was no gentleman, and I knew my game was up. I should have done something desperate if there had been anything handy, but just then I heard a shy little cough, and turned my head.

Molly was standing beside me, all rosy with confusion. "Jack," she said, "that isn't the way the golf teacher lofts." I jumped up impetuously, scarcely daring to credit my ears.

"You musn't!" I had not done a thing. "Go hunt the ball; I hear a robin."

"Hello, Jack! Hello, Molly!" In an instant they were beside us, and, "Lost your ball, Jack?" asked the man, and, "What is the matter with your hair, dear?" said the girl.

"Nothing at all is the matter," said Molly, just glancing at me. "Jack has been showing me how to loft, and I like his way much, much better than the teacher's. Will you help me more to-morrow, Jack?"

I believe I didn't groan. I'm quite sure my remark was appropriate. Molly says I blushed, but I know I thought, "Well, rather!"

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Yale Courant.

Golf and a Bracelet.

GREEN No. 6 had a tree and a spring near it, which no one ever thought of passing by, and on this particular morning a very pretty Gibson's "Golf is a Game for Two," could be seen there.

"Marjorie, have you read the account of the fall of Santiago, in the morning papers?" asked Ted.

"No. We came out so early that I only had time to read the headlines." She looked at him anxiously. Her thoughts were with the Rough Riders.

Ted read the account aloud, and then stuck the paper into the pocket of his golf coat.

"Why didn't you go to war, Ted? I surely thought you would."

Ted muttered something indefinite about "business" — "stocks" — "aged father."

"All of which means that you didn't — exactly — want to?" with a saucy look in her eyes.

"Why didn't you go as a Red Cross nurse?" Ted asked, evasively.

"I suspect I didn't exactly — want to. Come, own up."

But Ted said nothing.

"Have you seen my patriotic bracelet?" Marjorie went on, holding out her arm, on which shone a round gold band set with three stones: a ruby, a diamond, and a sapphire. "My cousin, who lives out West, gave it to me the day he started for the war. You never met, I think."

"No. What is he like?"

"Well, he is big and blond, and — oh, everything," with a very faint sigh.

"Marjorie, the 'big, blond' fellows (Ted was very dark) seem to be the only ones who win any favour from you."

Silence.

"Marjorie, answer me."

Marjorie was digging the ground very hard with her putter.

"Surely you must know," continued Ted, "must have seen how I love — "

Marjorie laughed. She was apt to be irreverent on such occasions. "I really do not see what you want an answer to," she said. "Ted, you certainly have an awkward way of putting things."

She jumped up and ran toward the next tee. She knew she had been rude and exasperating, but she was not sure of herself. Should it be Ted or — she looked at the bracelet. Ted's chances were rising.

Marjorie teed her ball. Then she felt of her Ascot, pushed up the cuffs of her shirt-waist a trifle, and raised her club for the drive. Her eyes fell on Ted, who, looking very much put out, stood reading his paper.

"Mr. Field," she asked, sarcastically, "what do you find so extremely interesting? Since you would insist on bringing no caddies, you might at least have the goodness to notice where I drive this ball."

"Miss Morton, I was simply wishing that I was this fellow," and he read, "'Harry Barnard, son of Hon. Charles Barnard, of Chicago, was among the Rough Riders killed before Santiago.'"

The sun grew dim to Marjorie. She raised her club and sent her ball but a few feet.

"Try again, if you like."

The second was no better.

"I think I would rather not play any more to-day. Let us go back to the club-house," said Marjorie, gently.

"Oh, my dear," cried Ted, thinking he understood why his remark had disturbed her, "I knew it! I felt it! You do love me, then, Marjorie?"

"Don't jump at conclusions, Ted. I'm going back because — because" — the sun hit on the diamond; before the girl's eyes rose a vision of a wounded, dying Rough Rider, but with a little forced laugh she went on — "because I feel sure I shall go on making bad drives."

L. C. G.
Brunonian.

University 5.

A LITTLE U. 5 notice caused all my despair. I had been indulging in a somewhat technical crime, which is punished severely by the faculty, and my meditations, as I crossed the yard in obedience to the summons, were hardly of the happy order. When I reached the big stone steps of University I stopped, seeking in vain for courage to go farther, and stood staring at the worn granite slabs. I thought of the hundreds of quaking feet that had already ascended those

ancient steps, and the many broken ambitions and hopeless hearts which had left those stairs to carry with them through life the keen stigma of a disgraceful college career. A comparison with the Bridge of Sighs was no doubt irrelevant, but at that moment it struck me with terrible force.

After hesitating a few moments, I ascended slowly and with leaden feet the fateful flight, pushed open timidly the big, bare, forbidding door to the outer sanctum, and stepped to the rail as unobtrusively as possible. Just then the dean passed through the room and bestowed on me one of his comprehensive "glad to see you, my dear old friend" smiles, and my last gleam of hope left me. I knew those smiles were not distributed in vain, — I must now expect expulsion; my hopes for suspension were scattered to the winds.

As the recorder turned to me, I mumbled out a word of explanation, and he replied, quickly, "Oh, yes; are you taking Chemistry B?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you have been cutting a good deal in Fine Arts 3?"

"I am not taking the course, sir."

"Is that so? Well, there is some mistake here; that is all I wanted to know." And he turned and began to discourse on the subject in stentorian tones to a hole in the wall, while I fairly danced out of the room with resolutions of reform engraven on my conscience.

Harvard Advocate.

Philosophy at Twenty-one.

THE dignity of a Senior became her well, and the little air of authority that she assumed was very pretty. She felt, this miss of twenty-one, that she knew herself thoroughly, and that she had had all the experience of a lifetime crowded into three years or more of college; she had analysed herself and her ambitions, had examined them under a microscope, and completely classified them.

It was my happy lot, not long ago, to sit beside her at a football game, and, as the play progressed, to hear her comments. "All this enthusiasm," she said, "is purely false excitement; there is no need for it. People can get just as much enjoyment out of the game without jumping about and yelling." Just at this moment

there was an outburst of wilder cheering, and, to my astonishment, I saw the Senior beside me standing up on the seat, waving both hands toward the field, her face ablaze with excitement. The right end, her "very best friend," had the ball, and had run eighty yards down the field for a touchdown.

University of Chicago Weekly.

In June.

THE little cabin was the last that remained of the old slave quarters. The unhewn logs had turned gray with age; time and the weather had nibbled off the ends of the moss-covered clapboards. The roof had sagged down in the middle, the crazy old chimney had settled to one side, and the mud that chinked the space between the logs had fallen out in great handfuls; but the monster pecan-tree that towered above, and the vines that covered the front, imparted a refreshing coolness to the place. From the interior of the quaint little house came the voice of a woman, singing, "Clim'in' to Zion," in a high key, and the monotonous thump! thump! of the flatiron on the ironing board.

Out across the fields the heat-waves danced giddily above the green cotton plants; the songs of the hoe-hands, borne along by the scorching south wind, sounded indistinct and dreamy.

On the piazza of the cabin, half hidden by the morning-glory vines, sat a grizzled old giant of a darky. His chair was tipped back against the wall, his head had sunk to his breast; the old man was asleep. In his arms lay a tiny little black baby. Its head fell across the giant's left arm; its mouth was wide open, and the procession of flies that crawled lazily over its face paused in turn, and reconnoitred the mysterious opening. Both the bare little feet were swallowed up in the old man's great paw.

From the tower of the barn the plantation bell clanged harshly. The workers in the field set up a joyous shout; the old man stirred uneasily, then awoke; the baby began to cry for its mother; noon had come.

C. W. Clark.

Brunonian.

The Clever Miss Vandeveer.

"Of all the clever girls," said Percy, breaking the silence, "I met the cleverest last summer. That girl has taken considerable conceit out of me."

"How was that?" asked Jack, rising from his reclining position, and puffing vigorously on his pipe.

"It happened this way: I was spending part of August at Atlantic City. While there, I made the acquaintance of a Miss Vandeveer, a Junior at Wellesley. She was one of those artless girls, who at the same time possess their share of tact. I had taken quite a fancy to her, and we spent most of the time in one another's company. It was a few days before my departure, as we sat together at the end of the pier, gazing at the water which a full moon was tinting. In front of the pier, some feet below, lay a large float which, as it swayed to and fro, suggested to my mind a test for Miss Vandeveer's much-talked-of daring.

"'You seem,' I said, 'to be quite adroit with your wheel, but I'll wager a college flag against

a sofa pillow that you are afraid to ride off this pier on to the float.' "

"Of course she didn't take you up," said Jack, incredulously.

"But she did, and now I wish she hadn't. 'I'm not,' she said, with a pert toss of her head, 'but you must let me name the hour.' 'All right, suit yourself,' said I, laughingly. 'Well, let us say five o'clock to-morrow morning. Now you be on hand, and you'll see whether I'm afraid.'

"At five the next morning, I reluctantly arose and started for the pier, with a suspicion lurking in my mind that she was joking, and wished to see if it were possible for a college man to arise at that hour. But sure enough, there she was awaiting my arrival."

"And she didn't hurt herself?" asked Jack.

"Not in the least. You see the tide in the meantime had risen so that the float was on a level with the pier, and all she had to do was to cross from one to the other."

"Well," said Jack, rising to go, "Miss Vandeveer beats any girl I ran across last summer."

"MEM. '00."

Hamilton Literary Magazine.

Un Chant D'Amour.

I SUPPOSE it was because he was such a dashing young fellow; his cuffs and collars were so red and ruffled; his Shetland reared so gaily at the little horse-cars that used to run on North State, and his legs were so much fatter than his trousers. Or perhaps it was because the Sacred Heart was a lonely gray place. At any rate, I caught the kisses he tossed to my window.

He climbed into the convent lawn one day. For some time we were very still. Then —

"My name's A — An — Anna." I did not usually stutter.

Neither did he, but — "Mine's H — Ha — Harry."

The conventionalities thus appeased, he showed me a wee mud-turtle.

"I'll give you one if you come here again," he said. He experienced a change of heart. "No, I won't."

At this, I ran back to the kitchen, and heard him remorsefully bawling, "Oh, yes, I will!"

Mother Mary gave me a box a few days later. Behold a turtle of dimensions even more infini-

tesimal than that of the one I saw before! There was also a compassionate note :

"You won't see me any more. You can have it, anyway. Going home."

"What clumsiness!" broke in Mother Superior, sharply.

But in the light of past experience I guess that it was tears.

A. A.

University of Chicago Weekly.

Contentment.

THE day was very sunny and hot, and the roads were thick with dust; farmers going into town with their heavy wagons raised up clouds of it, in which they jogged along surrounded as with a fog. The dust settled on the horses' backs, on the grass along the ditches by the side of the road, and covered everything with a uniform dull grayish yellow, out of which only the black-eyed Susans emerged triumphant, on account of their more dominant orange colour. Along the road came two quaint little figures, boy and girl, both barefoot; she clad in a checkered pinafore, and wearing a sunbonnet of the same material, of

the Shaker pattern, and a world too large for her; he in turned-up overalls — presumably the cast-off property of his father — and a brimless straw farmer's hat. Both little faces were freckled and burned, and both surrounded by little wet curls of red hair. The travellers paddled along undaunted by the almost unbearable heat; they squeezed up the dust between their little bare toes, and stopped often to pat it into mounds of different shapes and sizes.

I approached them slowly, reaching them just as they stopped to exclaim over the beauty of a butterfly, swaying on a wild-turnip stock; they were so manifestly content and happy in their lot, that I, who had been anathematising the day, the heat, and the necessary journey I was making, felt a sense of jealousy. After I had passed them, I turned in the carriage and looked back; but the inevitable dust had swallowed them up.

H. T. P.

Wells College Chronicle.

My Old Room.

I HAD come back to Cambridge to try for an A. M., for I knew it would please the "Governor," and I was not averse to another eight months' leisure in the place I liked to call home. But there was one drawback to my fifth year here, and that was the fact that I had given up my room in the Yard, and, coming back unexpectedly, was forced to put up with a severely plain suite in a frame house on Holyoke Street. I often compared this new apartment, with its dingy outlook on the church and its many funerals, to my old abode, with the sun pouring into the windows, casting two bright spots on the yellow carpet, darkened by the unsteady shadows of the waving elms without. How uninviting was this ugly, smoky stove compared to that little old-fashioned grate, and how cheerless these new-fangled windows with the big panes were, in comparison with those sixteen little squares of glass in each of my old windows! With everything else in the room it was the same. I was not satisfied, and began to grow restless and look forward to any chance that would give me

an excuse to get out of my room, if for only a night. And then, too, I missed the fellows, — "the gang," — for I tell you it made me fairly homesick to go into Jake's, and know that none of our crowd would be there, or at the Adams House after the theatre. Then to go into Leavitt's, to see all younger fellows, and not be able to join in their conversations with the same sympathy that exists between classmates, made me lonesome.

So you see I was an unhappy sort of a post-grad., and my work in philosophy made me more and more so. It must have been some time in December that I was walking through the Yard, deep in thoughts of the coming vacation, and of how I was going to spend it. I was so wrapt up in myself that I paid no attention to what I was doing, but, on coming to my old hall, turned in and stumped up the two short flights of stairs, and let myself in with my old key, a memento of four happy years, which I had a sneaking desire to keep. As soon as I stepped inside, I came to my senses. There, in the window-seat, just as I had often lolled, lay one of the new Freshman occupants, with his feet high up on the window-casing, and his lips blowing delicate

smoke-rings at the curtain-tassel. In the corner was his "wife," sitting in his shirt-sleeves at the desk, scratching away at Freshman English, or some other equally precious stuff. They both looked at me with surprise and some misgivings, and I felt that an explanation was due them for my unceremonious entrance.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I began; "you see, I used to have this room — last year — and I thought you fellows might want this key," and, as I felt the weakness of my remark, I threw down the little piece of metal that was the last reminder I had of my old room, and turning abruptly, I whistled my way down-stairs, just to fool myself into believing that I didn't care.

H. M. Adams.
Harvard Advocate.

Two Dear Old Ladies.

"She's dead!"

"No?"

"Yes, dead a week ago, and they say she suffered horribly."

"No?"

"Yes, and do you believe it?"

"What?"

"Why, he's married again!"

"No?"

"Yes, and he was sick in bed at the time, too!"

"No?"

"Yes, and she, the new one, came all the way from New York?"

"No?"

"Yes, and they say she's rich as Crokus!"

"No?"

"Yes, and when she got here, poor Viny could hardly have been cold in her grave!"

"No?"

"Yes, and do you believe! he — and I don't care if he is my minister, and if he does preach beautiful — he had her come straight to his house!"

"No?"

"Yes, and he had two ministers, one on each side of his bed, to marry him, sick as he was, and Viny, dead as she was, and this New Yorker, rich as she was, had 'em marry him then and there!"

"No?"

"Yes, and when they came to the place where

they asked her if she'd take him for better or for worse, she said the doctor said he was better, and the minister needn't try to scare her out of havin' him!"

"No?"

"Yes, and he laughed outright, sick as he was, and dead as Viny was, and it seems to me the most scandalous thing!"

"Mercy! he laughed?"

"Yes!"

"And you say Viny's dead?"

"Yes!"

"And that he's married again?"

"Yes!"

"And that all this happened before Viny was buried?"

"Yes!"

"And that this new one is rich?"

"Yes!"

"And that her name is Crokus?"

"Yes!"

"And that two ministers married him, one on each side of his bed?"

"Yes!"

"And that when they told him Viny was dead he laughed outright?"

"Yes!"

And sent to New York for this Miss Crokus before Viny was cold?"

"Yes!"

"And Miss Crokus, that was, will be president o' the sewin' circle?"

"Of course!"

"Good Lord!"

"Good mornin'."

"Good mornin'."

CHARLES OTIS JUDKINS.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A Sentinel and a Substitute.

THE sentinel had not moved a muscle, but he had heard a sound in the bushes back of him, and he realised what that sound meant. A man whose movements were thus concealed could only be an enemy. Still the sentinel leaned on the muzzle of his gun; still he seemed absorbed in the deepest contemplation of the sleeping camp of the enemy. The crickets chirped their symphony of summer all around as gaily as before, but a cicada that had been making the air resonant with its strumming on a large

bush in the rear had suddenly stopped. The sentinel's mind was busy; his ears were strained to bursting; every nerve seemed tense; his head throbbed and great waves of sound battered on his skull. A thousand plans of defence rushed before him. Still he had not stirred an inch.

Then when his whole being seemed to shriek with the agony of suspense, he heard a click, leaped suddenly to one side, there was a sharp flash and report, and he sprang unharmed into the bush. Sounds of agony followed, and the short, desperate pant that spoke of deadly combat as the men forced one another back and forth, then a dull thud as the fall of a body was slightly stayed by its impact with the bushes, and the sentinel, too, sank fainting to the ground, his life blood slowly ebbing from a great gash in his side.

When he regained consciousness it seemed as if hours had passed. He had done so much in a minute. He had been home, he remembered how he had said good-bye to his mother, how — Then he gazed at the wound, and he remembered something else, his duty.

He was growing constantly weaker, the flow of blood had stopped slightly, but he knew that the end was not far. He looked a moment at the bushes, then he crawled toward the largest, leaving a ghastly trail of red behind. No time could be spared. He drew a knife from his pocket and cut off a stout branch about five feet in height, crotched at the top. Then he crawled back to the open space. His gun lay on the ground where it had fallen. He sharpened the large end of the sapling and drove it into the ground with all his remaining strength. Then he stopped, his little stock of energy spent. But he dared not delay, — too much remained to be done in the short time alloted him.

He forced his trembling hands to place the gun securely against the notch in the supporting branch; then painfully he rose to his knees, dragged off his army cloak, carefully draped it over this support, thrust his hat over the top, drew the crimson scarf from his neck and wound it just below; with stiffening fingers buttoned the cloak slowly from the top, reached the last button, gave a great gasp, half relief, half agony, and sank back — dead. But an immovable sen-

tinel, that appeared to guard a restful camp, still stood on the mountain top.

OSCAR LOEB.
The Red and Blue.

A Class Day Convert.

I LIVED next door to Jason a whole year before I knew him. It seemed that I never saw the man before one night when I ran into him in the hallway, thus calling forth apologies on both sides, an invitation to his room, and talk. He had often seen me before, he told me, but had been restrained from speaking by bashfulness.

After this I often dropped in on him. He was always in his room, studying or digging at a yellow piano. Music was his one amusement. He would sit for hours merely making combinations of the different chords, never speaking to me, but bent over the keyboard in nervous preoccupation. He was a good scholar, received excellent marks, and had read many books, about which he talked intelligently. All in all, he was a pretty good sort of fellow.

Jason and I agreed in almost everything. On

one point, however, we fought. The University, he claimed, was not run in the right way. A man here did not get a just show unless he came in with a crowd of men from one of the preparatory schools that annually furnish Harvard's athletes, musical, literary, and social satellites. The whole place was run by a Boston clique, the professors, the president, the governors, everybody and everything. No wonder (he would shout now) there was no spirit to the place. Personally, he had none; never would have. He looked on the institution merely as a necessity for giving his mind an education and nothing more, just as water and soap were necessary for cleanliness.

On the other side, I would argue until I was gasping for breath and ready to choke him. It would end by my getting up and leaving, with a bang to the door, and with Jason's satirical, smiling countenance turned on me like an item of a nightmare. Then I would hear him playing chords on the yellow piano, and I would swear.

Class day came around, and I was so occupied with spreads, mammas, and pretty girls, that I could think of almost nothing else. When evening came, and the festivities, with the

paper lamps in the yard, died a flickering death, I went to my room utterly exhausted, and threw myself heavily on the divan. I heard a noise in the next room, and thought for the first time of Jason. What could he have done with himself all day? He had no club to go to, no relatives that I knew of to bother him; nothing of any kind, outside of the regular college exercises, to interest him. Wondering thus, the sound of the piano reached me. Jason was playing. I knew his touch, and sat up to hear more distinctly. The tune was "Fair Harvard." I rose and went to his room. As I opened the door, there was a crash of conflicting notes. Leaning on the keyboard was Jason, his body shaking with sobs.

C. H. L. Johnston.
Harvard Advocate.

A Corn-cob Pipe.

Half a dozen of us were sitting around the other night, talking over the various happenings of the week and pulling vigorously at half a dozen pipes.

Soon another man dropped in, and the host

got up to take a pipe from the string of fifteen or twenty that were stretched along the wall between a couple of tennis-rackets.

"No meerschaum for me, Charlie," said the newcomer. "I'm common. Give me that 'corn-cob' in the middle with the ribbon on it. Cardinal ribbon, too. I'll be patriotic."

"That pipe?" Charlie exclaimed. "Not by a jug full; not that one."

We all shouted.

"Sacred?" said I. "Girl? tell us about it."

"Well, it is sacred, and is about a girl, and I'll tell you if you will promise not to 'josh' me." We promised.

"It happened up in Wyoming. My father has a ranch up there, fifty miles north of Rawlins. He goes out occasionally to look it over, so took me along last time.

"The tenant is an old Spaniard who manages things. His daughter keeps house for him. This story is about the daughter. She was a beauty, with dark, lustrous, dreamy eyes and shiny, jet-black hair."

"'S death," undertoned somebody.

"That's all right, fellows, it was just as I tell it. Well, of course I fell in love with her in no

time, and when father started out for a couple of weeks' inspection over the range, I told him I was afraid to go up any higher, but thought it would be better for my lungs if I stayed at the ranch-house. I look like a consumptive, don't I, in the last stages? Whether the governor suspected anything or not, I can't say, but he told me to suit myself, and — I stayed.

"That was a great two weeks. The girl was a wonder. She taught me to ride; she taught me to throw a rope; she taught me to shoot a rifle, — that is, to hit something, I mean, — and I taught her — to smoke. You may think me wicked, but she wanted to try it — Spanish blood, you know — and those eyes brought me around in no time. She would not smoke my meerschaum, so I fished that 'corn-cob' out of my things and gave it to her. The ribbon is from her hair.

"She soon became accomplished, and I — Well, we rode the range together and I managed to keep at her side; and when we stalked an antelope he usually had two bullets in him when he fell.

"I believe she found me interesting, though I didn't try to impress her with college ways. It

was probably new to her to have a college man following her closely wherever she went.

"And so the days slipped by, I, 'lost in the light of her wonderful eyes,' and she, a jolly companion and guide, friendly, and no more.

"Then the governor came back from the hills and we got ready to leave. I made the most of my time then, I tell you, and she seemed a little disturbed at the thought of my going.

"On the day we left I asked her for the corn-cob pipe. 'Then let me have the yellow one to keep,' she said. She took it carefully and looked at the delicate carving. 'It's pretty,' she remarked at last, 'but I rather think I like the corn-cob best.'

"That's why the 'corn-cob' hangs in the middle there, fellows, and no one smokes it but myself. When I look at it, it takes me back to the ranch-house in the mountains and a pair of black eyes beneath a big sombrero."

F. M. Van Horn.

The Wisconsin Ægis.

The Chronicle of the Exam.

Now in those days a course was given, and all the people came to take the course, for it was a snap.

Some of them were wise and some were foolish.

They that were foolish took the course, but took no notes of it. And while the quarter tarried they all whispered and slept.

But the wise took notes and hearkened unto the Prof.

Then at last there was a great cry made. Behold, the Exam cometh.

Then all the people arose and began to cram their notes.

And the foolish said unto the wise: Lend us of your notes, for ours are lost. But the wise answered: We know it is not so.

Then great fear arose in the hearts of the foolish, and they got themselves together with a great cry, saying: Woe, woe, to us, lest we flunk and be a sport of the campus.

Then arose one who was foxier than all the rest, and said in a loud voice: Go to, oh, ye fear-

ful! I, even I, will save you, and we shall still be the people. We will give a great feast, and lo, no man shall come save the Professor. And him we will make drunk with frappé and with feasting. And on the evening when the Exams come his heart will be full of thanks to us, and none shall flunk. Selah.

And it was so even as it was said.

E. H. B.

University of Chicago Weekly.

The Augury of the Birds.

It was the day before the Country Club held its gun shoot. Forker and Miss Laurence were shooting for practice, — at least Miss Laurence was. Forker was shooting because she was.

"That was my last shot," she said, regretfully, as she threw away the shell and blew the smoke out of the gun-barrel.

"But your bag is nearly full of shells!" he protested.

She took out one, cut it open, and showed it to him.

"You see there are four wads, but no shot in these shells."

He looked puzzled.

"It was an idea of father's," she explained; "he was afraid I would shoot somebody while I was learning, so he contrived these shells, and put in the four wads so they would kick as much as if they contained shot."

"Very ingenious!" he said, admiringly. "Won't you try some of mine?"

"My shoulder is beginning to get sore," she pleaded; "besides, I would rather watch you shoot."

He acknowledged the compliment by bringing down the next six birds handsomely.

"It is rather awkward for you to mark score, and load, too; won't you let me load for you?" she requested.

He handed over his gun and cartridge-belt. She loaded deftly, and he always found his gun ready when he turned around after marking the scores.

"Do you believe in the 'Auguries of the Birds?'" she inquired, as she blew the smoke out of the gun.

"Auguries?" he echoed.

"Do you mean to say you never heard of auguries?" she asked. "Romulus and Remus

consulted them about founding Rome, you know. Besides, it is the only sure way to find out when you are going to marry."

"But I don't need any 'auguries' to tell me whom I want to marry," he protested.

"One doesn't always marry the person one wants to," she remarked, provokingly.

He hesitated.

"It is very simple," she urged; "I name a girl and you shoot at a pigeon. If you kill the pigeon the girl is to be your wife."

"Suppose I miss them all?"

"Then you will be a bachelor."

He agreed to try it.

"The first will be Annie Lawton!" she announced.

He groaned.

The pigeon flew away unscathed.

"Next is Fanny Ames!"

"She squints," he objected; "besides —"

Another pigeon flew across the fields.

"This is Laura Falkney; now be careful!" she admonished, as she handed him the gun.

"But," he protested, "that was before I met —"

He heaved a sigh of relief as the third pigeon flew off.

"This is the last pigeon, Mr. Forker!" the boy called out, as he put it in the trap.

"Can't this one be you?" he requested.

"I would rather not," she said, demurely, dropping her eyes.

"But you proposed it!" he urged, reproachfully.

"Oh! very well, then, since it was my idea," she said, blushing as she loaded the gun.

The pigeon arose from the trap. He shot. The dog brought the pigeon and laid it at Forker's feet.

It was on their wedding trip that he told her that he deliberately missed all but the last bird.

"Do you remember my shells?" she asked.

"With the four wads and no shot?" he inquired, laughingly.

"And do you also remember that I loaded your gun?"

He nodded.

"Well, Jack, the last shell was the only one that contained shot."

THOMAS WATSON.

Yale Courant.

In the Car.

She had just hurt her ankle playing basket-ball, and waited impatiently for a car. As she climbed aboard, she saw that not a seat was unoccupied. Several men were standing in the aisle, and two still had seats. One of these was manifestly intoxicated, and she pulled her dress aside with an expression of intense disgust. But the hurt ankle throbbed cruelly, and she turned in despair to the other man. He was an elderly gentleman of beneficent expression, and she steadied herself to ask, timidly:

"Might I have your seat, please? My ankle —"

He looked up from his paper a moment, then turned back with a gruff "No." She flushed angrily, and stepped forward. But the other male passenger had taken in the scene, and rising unsteadily, offered her his seat with a heavy bow. Then lurching forward on a strap, and emphasising his remarks with the heavy gravity given only to great sages and those who have imbibed too freely, he addressed the gentleman with the paper:

"See 'ere," he said, wagging heavily his index finger, "I'm drunk, but I'll get over it. You're a hog. Never get over it."

University of Chicago Weekly.

As It Was in the Beginning.

GRAHAM strolled leisurely into his eight o'clock synchronously with the quarter-after strokes of the bell in the tower, unmindful of the reproving and somewhat threatening pause in the voice of the long-suffering instructor; or of the mild stare of the students more prompt in attendance, who knew the signs, and scented trouble in the air; or of the fellows whose quick smile of welcome greeted him here, as everywhere.

He was idolised as only a man can be who has won and kept a high place for his college in the intercollegiate; and to whom the glory of many a crew victory is willingly accorded. The fellows on the seat in the extreme rear of the room, sufficiently removed from the platform to be undisturbed by the fund of information emanating therefrom, laid aside their newspapers and novels, even the books whose lessons for the

next hour they were eagerly conning, and made room for Graham.

The instructor, exasperated by Graham's frequent non-appearance many mornings back; not recognising in the big fellow's deliberate movements his cherished and laudable ambition to move with dignity like Herr Professor, whom the fellows secretly dubbed "Zeus;" and forgetting, in the short eight minutes he had been at his post, the long, hot walk up the hill, gazed fixedly, almost sneeringly, at the unconscious Graham, as the latter hurriedly whispered some final directions to the fellow next him about the game that afternoon.

The pause began to impress the newcomer, for he flushed, broke off, and then looked unflinchingly at his instructor, waiting results. Mr. Demetson wavered an instant under that cool, respectful glance. Personally he liked Graham — dependent though he was upon the tender mercies of "the powers that be" for enough hours to graduate in the spring. But this tardiness must be stopped, and he was the man to stop it. The unobtrusive entrance of a girl at that instant, who came regularly at 8 : 20, in spite of, perhaps because of, many a would-be

persuasive tête-à-tête with her handsome young instructor after hours, decided him.

"Mr. Graham," he said, with appalling distinctness, "the next time you come to class at this hour, you needn't come."

Some girls tittered. Graham bit his lip; but work at Percy had not spoiled him, so his "Not prepared," in response to an unreasonable request to "continue the translation" immediately after, was somewhat awestruck and humbled.

Realising that he was free from responsibility for that morning, he gave loose rein to his thoughts, and during the remainder of the hour remained oblivious to all desultory claims upon his attention.

He thought of the old farm, with its nerve-destroying monotony, from which he had broken away under protest. He recalled his father, bent with age, who had refused to aid his son in "getting an education." His mind reverted to his entrance into Ithaca life, — the queer little hair trunk, the first dreary, lonesome night at the Ithaca Hotel, — later his puzzled surprise at the popularity which greeted his big frame; his own athletic renown — and he gazed proudly down on the winged foot on his sweater; then

thoughts of the coming graduation filled him with delight, and also uncertainty. Fervently he hoped his name would have an "O.K." after it! when the clock sounded the hour, and there was a general shuffle of departing feet.

A hand upon his shoulder roused him. "Graham," said his instructor, kindly, "a little more diligence is worth the price of an extra medal or two, my boy!"

With a smile, Graham grasped the extended hand. "I've been thinking it over, and if the end isn't too near?" he stopped; but the instructor gave him an encouraging grin, as he said, "Go in and win."

On Class day, Graham answered to his name at roll-call, more or less to the surprise of some members of good old '98. Still, such things have happened from time immemorial.

W.

Cornell Magazine.

A Cambridge Episode.

When the North Avenue car had jolted into the Square, four men, apparently college fellows, filed in. Tall and broad-shouldered as

football players, they moved with the precision which our tandem interference strives for and the slowness to which it attains. Looking up and down the almost empty car, the leader seemed to be choosing a seat with unnecessary care. Finally he sat down and his three companions close by him. As they sat there in a row of four, these fellows had nothing unusual about them. They were, however, a bit too serious for students; and their long faces seemed to impress a young lady in a black dress who, as it happened, sat opposite. But although out of the corner of her eye this young lady watched them with the interest which girls appear not to take in the opposite sex, they paid no attention at all to her.

When the car had gone a few blocks beyond Porter's Station, the young lady in black signalled the conductor to stop; then picking up a roll of music, she got out by the rear platform. Before she had reached the curbing, some one else had left the car and was walking rapidly behind her. This person soon overtook her and said, "Dear madam, may I carry your music?" Turning her head instinctively, she saw that it was one of the four men who had

sat opposite her. She looked at him rather sharply, and crossed to the edge of the sidewalk. She could not escape, however, for the stranger persisted, "Why do you not answer me?"

Realising that it was no use to pretend not to have heard, she said, with a certain degree of dignity, "You have no right to speak to me. Leave me at once. You do not even pretend to know me."

"Ah, madam," said he, "but I should like to know you."

"Leave me," she cried, "or I will call —"

Just at that moment she noticed that two ladies on the other side of the street were watching her rather intently. Turning, she said sweetly to her admirer, "Yes, you may walk home with me if it isn't too much trouble."

As they walked up a side street she said, half to herself, "I didn't want those ladies to see that a stranger dared speak to me. I know them. Now they will think it was an acquaintance. I didn't want them to tell mean stories to all my friends."

"I thank those ladies, then," said her com-

panion, "for the sweetest moments of my life." He waited an instant for a reply, which was not granted him; then he went on, "The pleasure of being in your presence, of looking at your face — I know I am rude. I can't help it. You have fascinated me so."

By this time they had stopped before a red brick house set in a narrow lawn. The girl lifted the latch of the gate; but he held it closed. "Won't you give me a kiss?" he said. "Then I'll steal it!"

The girl was too quick for him. Darting from his arms, she ran across the lawn and up the steps of the house. Pale with anger, she turned as if to speak. Then she opened the door and banged it after her.

The disappointed man stood looking toward the house. Then crossing the street, he met the three men who had been with him in the car, and who must have left it at about the same time.

"You saw," he said to the foremost of them, "that I tried to kiss her."

The leader shrugged his shoulders.

"Members of the honourable Fraternity of A. Z.," he said, "you see how woefully the neo-

phyte has failed in his duty. Bear this in mind against the day of judgment."

J. LEONARD.
Harvard Advocate.

Scene: Dinner at one of the Women's Halls.

[Characters: Immunes to Nervous Prostration.]

CHATTER — chatter — buz-buz — chatter.

"A man told me the other day that he knew why girls were so glad there was a war. When I asked — "

"Pshaw, we aren't, and his reason couldn't have been any good. But what I was wondering was whether Harschberger really makes his crackest shirt-waists on the bias. You see — "

"Have a pickle? Remember how the Frenchman said 'the Lord pickle you' because he didn't know the difference between pickles and preserves?"

"Now listen — "

Chatter — chatter — buz-z-z.

"Ha! ha! ha! That's a good one. What did the little boy do?"

"He shouted, 'Rubber,' and — "

"After all, Plato lived a long time ago. Don't you think so, too?"

"Yes; but Doctor Shorey can make — "

"Why, they are bottled up at that San something place, aren't they?"

"Oh! I have the greatest thing to tell you."

"Don't mention it."

"You say the hero's name is Evrard? Is he any relation to the piano manufacturer?"

"Can't be, for he's neither grand, square, nor upright."

"Elegant!"

Chatter — buz.

"The thing that makes me feel worse about it is — "

"What's the mucilage bottle got to do with it?"

"He always has us give the principal parts of the verbs."

"Why, that's the sticker!"

"Oh! you fraud. Ha! ha!"

"He's adorable, I know; but still I don't care so much for a man that's so popular with the girls."

"I know it; but a man needn't be a stick. Now, in a professor you want —"

"I know you do, and I'm sure we'll both agree that this one isn't a —"

"Oh! There are the Beecher girls getting their tennis nets. Let's leave our pie and skip!"

University of Chicago Weekly.

After Sunday Comes Monday.

THE nine-thirty bell had just clanged when some one accidentally made mention of Monday. Now the only drawback to a college Sunday is that it is followed by a college Monday. So, though harmless in itself, the remark had much the effect of a bomb dropped into the midst of a ball. The girl at the door stopped short with her pencil poised in the air, in the act of sketching her portrait for her hostess's memorabil. The girl with the fudge-pan paused in pensive reflection with a spoonful of crumbs half-way to her mouth; the girl that had been reading aloud all evening stopped "reading ahead." Subjectively speaking, dreary Monday had already begun to dawn.

"What time are you going to get up? You will call me, of course."

"Yes, at six."

"Six! Dear child! I must be up by four at least."

The special-topic course girl looked sympathetic; the lecture course girl disdainful, forgetting exam. week crams; the scientific mathematician, who never procrastinated, scolded till the French and Greek shorter course girls compromised at five.

The latter of these, contrary to all Monday morning precedent, awoke of her own accord to find that some one had closed the window and turned on the heat. The sun was already up and shining brightly, but the evident lateness of the hour did not worry her. In that carefree mood that sometimes comes with sleepiness, she turned over and took another doze. The entrance of the maid with a meal-order awakened her. She was a little astonished that the girls should have known she wanted it, but that did not interfere with the enjoyment of some really tender steak and clear, hot coffee. Just as the last bit of brown toast was disap-

pearing some one dropped in to say there was a cut in Greek and no new preparation. So there was plenty of time to dress for economics. This class went off well, since the professor had decided a lecture would serve as well for review as the expected written lesson. She wasn't called on in Latin, which was fortunate, for she was not good at "sight." After lunch she really did mean to do two hours of hard history reading, but it was a glorious day and golf is so fascinating. After all it didn't matter, for she shone at the seventh hour on a point of bibliographical knowledge gained from a personal acquaintance with the author in question. At dinner they had ice-cream as on Wednesdays, and while they were still lingering around the table, the messenger girl left word that Mrs. Kendricks had changed her mind; the Juniors might go to the theatre that night, even though they had been three days before, and "rush tickets" would be allowed. A crowd for the "peanut gallery" was quickly formed and the novelty and unexpectedness of the entertainment made it all the more enjoyable. Coming out on the car it was very jolly till they got on the switch waiting for the down car. Then the

lights went out suddenly, the people all disappeared, leaving the doors open and her alone in the dark. Ugh! It was cold! She shivered and rubbed her eyes.

"I thought you never would wake up. I nearly roused the house by pounding on your ceiling, and had to come down in the cold after all. Where *are* your matches? It is ten minutes past five and a dreary drizzle to greet you. There! I upset all your Greek papers. Oh, dear! Why doesn't some one eliminate Monday from the calendar?"

I. L. V.

Vassar Miscellany.

A Conversation.

THE room was empty, drearily so, but there was an unmistakable sound of whispering in the air.

"Where are they all?" came in a stuffy voice from the direction of the window-seat. A long-drawn sigh was the only answer, and it was unmistakably from the clock.

"The Plugger," said the stuffy voice, "where

is he?" "He's around," sighed the clock; "he that used to be the paragon of virtues came in an hour ago, smoking a cigarette, and cussing himself for having taken three cuts already in Physics, — he was dressed for Hamp."

"I must have been taking a nap," said the window-seat. "Where's the Cynic?"

"Married, and left college, — got a good position, I hear."

"And the Sport?" in a faint voice. "I haven't heard," said the clock.

There was a sob that seemed to come from the leather lounging-chair. "He graduated last June," said the chair; "and I hear" — with another sob — "that he's studying theology down in Andover." There was a long silence.

"I liked him," sighed the clock, "though he used to sling boots at me in the morning for ringing the alarm just when he set it. He used to say I was like his overcoat, — always on tick."

There was another solemn silence, broken by the clock, which continued in a brighter voice: "But they're not all gone. The Individual was in here this morning, with the Plugger. He was looking for a Horace trot. Said he'd

almost educated himself to the point where he could read Horace without the aid of the Latin text. Hasn't changed any, either. He worried around quite a while trying to decide whether he ought to write to a girl that he knew for three days last summer. Said she asked him to, but he says he has the feeling that a fellow oughtn't to take advantage of things a girl says in the summer — any more than hold people to promises made in their sleep. He thinks it's a sort of malady with 'em."

"That's what the Sport always said," sighed the chair. "He never wrote letters, anyway. All the time he was with me he only wrote one, and that was in answer to a dun from Utterly. I remember it, because he sat on my arm and wrote it on a pad. It read:

"H. A. UTTERLY,

"'*Dear Sir*: — Yours at hand; I am in the habit of settling my acc'ts alphabetically, and will give yours attention when I get to U.

"'Sincerely yours.'

Wasn't bad, was it?"

"Ah, just like the Sport," said the window-seat; "awfully sorry he's gone. When he was

here those scrub ladies never dared to fill me up with rubbish every Friday."

"Well," murmured the clock, "I guess there's more like him, — Amherst don't change for the worse, and if good men have gone, better ones'll come."

"What we need is a little more fair weather," muttered the chair.

"Shut up," said the clock, "the Sport was too much for you — besides, here comes Prof. Charley for the waste paper basket."

And silence reigned once more.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

His Last Appeal.

"You have ruined my life," he wrote, and then stopped, for he was a thoughtful youth and generally considered what he said. He glanced back over the page and read it again. "Heartle-ss-ly you led me on, knowing all the time that you would one day break my heart, and glorying in the fact. Would we had never met. I felt your power over me from the first, but did not struggle against it. Why should I? I thought you were pure, innocent, true, all

that you seemed. Well do I remember that first night. We walked hand in hand in the moonlight by the long stretching beach. You were a revelation to me. An orphan, having neither mother nor sister in my childhood, it was not strange that you awakened in me all the delicate sensitiveness so long dormant. Since that hour every minute of my being has been a sacrifice to your presence. How I have striven to be to you what I hoped you would always be to me! Last night all was a beautiful dream. To-night I stand overwhelmed with my loneliness. Once I had had no inspiration, now I have had it and lost it. Who is to blame? Need I ask you? Let your false heart answer, if there be still one true voice left in it; you have ruined me."

He stretched out his arms upon the table and laid his aching head heavily upon them. Manly tears, long pent up, burst from his eyes as he murmured, "No, no, not even the *Boston Globe* would accept that, and my board bill is due to-morrow."

H.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

The Postmaster's Story.

THE "Liars' Club" was holding its regular monthly meeting in the little old "grocery" at the Centre, and was now about to adjourn. There had been an unusually large attendance and the stories had been unusually good. The plug of tobacco, which was always the prize on such an occasion, had been won by Aaron Stoddard for the third consecutive time. It was growing late; in fact, the clock had already struck nine, when somebody suggested that the postmaster should bring the meeting to a close with a story. Now, it was not customary for the old man to join in the competition; in fact, his position bordered on that of president, although there were no regularly appointed officers. But on this occasion his smile indicated that he considered the suggestion with approval. So, after taking a light lunch of fresh Virginia leaf, he began:

"Wall, boys, this hain't much of a story, but you all know ol' Sim Rexwood over Sherbu'n way — died 'bout ten, mebbe twelve years ago — used to stammer powerfully. It 'ud bin a good

year for corn, and they'd bin bothered some by the squirrels. One day, as Sim was comin' up from the barn, where he'd been milkin', he saw one on the ridge-pole of the granary makin' a good deal of noise. "Ch-ch-chit-chitter away," said Sim, "but I'll fix ye." So he went into the house and brought out one of them old-fashioned muskets, — the kind with three brass rings down the barrel, flint-lock, and hold about a handful of powder; bin loaded three, mebbe six months. Sim took good aim, poked the muzzle up at the squirrel, fired, and the gun knocked him flat on his back. He was dazed for a moment, then he opened his eyes and saw the squirrel still on the ridge-pole, and it made him mad. "Ch-ch-chit-chitter away, cuss ye," he hollered, "but if ye'd b-b-bin at the other end of that g-gun, ye'd quit ch-ch-chit-chitterin'."

And the meeting adjourned.

JOHN A. THOMPSON.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Bane and Antidote.

THIS is the story of the sadness of a Freshman, and how his sadness was soothed.

Dicky's ankle had been strained, some said by running up a hill in the early morning, some said by chasing a pig in the dusk of evening. And Dicky sat at his table on this night when the sorrow came on him, with his game leg propped in a cushioned chair. He was looking at a French grammar, thinking he was studying it, and all was going well. Then a door, the front hall door down-stairs, opened and shut heavily, and Dicky, listening, could hear the sound of girls' voices. Now this is a strange thing in a Frat house, and only happens on Party Nights. This was Party Night. It was therefore that Dicky was sad.

"Up here with this-sleg" — through clenched teeth, "bucking Fre-hench" — this with a stifled — well — suspiration, "while" — the rest of the sentence was drowned. A French grammar fell heavily in the opposite corner.

Dicky grew bitter. "Oh, yes. This is sworn friendship for you, friendship and — brother-

hood," sardonic on this last word, "nice brotherhood. Not a fellow has stuck his head in here the whole evening — every last mucker grinning and capering down-stairs — and me a crip." Oh, well, these people were not of his sort, anyway. Say, the whole town was a lonesome hole. It wouldn't last always, though. Then Dicky studied the calendar. . . . Finally he sighed, and took up a pen.

"DEAR MOTHER: — The wind is whistling through the bare trees. The rain is beating upon the windows. I am alone in my room, and am so lonesome for all of you." Here Dick turned around. The bright moonlight smiled into the room, and the breeze from the open window scarcely stirred the curtain. He grinned sheepishly, and tore the letter into strips. Then he chewed one of the strips in deeper dejection than before.

Dick could hear an occasional mug clinking the sides of the punch-bowl. The music struck up a familiar waltz. Merry feet were scraping to its measures. The boy's melancholy grew positively abysmal. He did not remember ever to have felt so bad. He wished he could think of something poetical and tragic to say. And

finally recollecting having read about a fellow that wanted his flesh to melt, Dick sought and found comfort in "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world." Having read this speech through, with cramping throat and moistened eye Dick hobbled to bed, with his nose feeling as if he had been drinking untold pop.

A little later there came a tap at the door. Dick was drowsing. "What you want?" he grunted. Something metallic bumped slightly against the door, and Dick recognised the voice of the other Freshman: "Open it, will you? I've got my hands busy." Dick extended himself across a chair and turned the knob. The door was pushed in by a foot from the outside. The other Freshman entered. He was carrying a tray. "Oh, you're abed, old man. Weren't asleep, were you? Thought you might like some of this stuff, you know. Shall I set it on the chair? All right. Yes, swell time. Rotten shame you can't be down. How's the limb?"

But Dick was looking at the tray — and melting. There was cake with nuts in it. Punch, too. And ice-cream, a slice, with white, pink,

and green sections. As Dick's mouth filled, his heart kept it company; clearly the fellows were not so bad. The world was not so dark a place after all.

It was a half-hour after this that the Senior opened the door of Dick's room — without knocking. He had come up to tell Dick that Elsie had been inquiring after him. But the Senior only looked in, lit a match, and withdrew. The Freshman was slumbering nasally in profound and plethoric content.

EDWIN SNOW.
Wisconsin Ægis.

The Conversion of Fredericks.

THE night of the mass-meeting Fredericks mused gloomily in his room. "It can't do any good, that's sure; there'll be a lot of cheering and rot about Harvard spirit, and that'll be the end of it. Come in," he shouted, answering a feeble rap at the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Brag?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his tutor; "I thought I'd find you in to-night, so —"

"What made you think you'd find me in to-night?" demanded Fredericks, savagely.

"Why shouldn't I?" queried the other, raising his eyebrows.

"Why, man? Because we both ought to be at the mass-meeting. You know that as well as I do."

"No, I don't. I hadn't thought of it. And since we're not there, let's get to work on this Phil; that's what I came for."

"It won't do any good. What's the use?" muttered Fredericks, absently.

"Well, you'd better try, — old Potter always gives a stiff exam."

"Great heavens, man, can't you ever think of anything but marks and exams? There's something going on to-night that vitally concerns us all; that's going to effect a big change for the better. My — what are you grinning at?"

Brag rose to go. "I'm grinning, as you're pleased to call it, because you're so hopelessly illogical to-night, that to try logic would be a waste of time. You'd better go over to the mass-meeting; that's what you're thinking about."

"No, I'm not. It can't do any good, as I said before. Sit down, old man; fire away."

The tutor opened his well-fingered book, and began to read straightway in a monotonous, nasal drone, which he varied occasionally by a quick explanation.

"It would be fine, though, wouldn't it," broke in Fredericks, abruptly, "to meet all sorts of fellows, to find out what they're like, what they think, to make them think well of you?"

"I wish you would pay attention, please," said Brag, testily. Then he went on to explain with infinite patience the mysteries of Barbara, Celarent. But Fredericks heard only sounds. Suddenly there floated up from without a faint "Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Ha—!"

"That's the end of it," sighed Fredericks.

"Not of this, though," answered his tutor, flushing. "You see, the first figure is easily the most important. You remember the diagram he gave in the lecture. Oh, that's so, you missed that one. Well, it's like this—"

"Sh! there's the band," interrupted Fredericks, eagerly. The faint, discordant sounds of "Up the Street" annoyed Brag exceedingly.

He glanced impatiently at the clock. "I'll come some other time," he said, stiffly.

"Oh, sit down, there's a good fellow. You don't want me to flunk."

Brag, the much enduring, sat down and began anew his interrupted explanation. But his pupil was not listening: the band, the noise was coming nearer, and, flunk or no flunk, he leaped to the window. Thence he saw, way down by Holworthy, a great black snake, twisting and wriggling, and lighting up strangely in different parts with transiently gleaming eyes. The serpent glided around Stoughton, toward him. At length the noisy animal reached University, and became a silent, amorphous mass of black.

Brag continued to read and Fredericks listened, quivering with excitement and scorn. The first barking cheer brought him with a bound to the window. But the tutor, determined to finish the chapter, read loudly: "Dilemmatic arguments are, however, more often fallacious than not, because it is seldom possible to find instances where two alternatives exhaust —"

"Shut up, you cad," hissed Fredericks, almost crying.

From the depths of the darkness rose "Fair Harvard," a great, swelling pæan of common joy and hope. Into the yard there rushed a hatless, coatless figure, singing like mad.

MURRAY SEASONGOOD.

Harvard Advocate.

The Freshman's Ideal.

SOME of us have ideals. Some of us have ideals which we have supplied with costumes, so that however questionable a proceeding we may have entered upon, we feel that our ideals are still with us, garbed as becomes the occasion. And there are others who try to bring themselves into harmony with their ideals, and not vice versa. Such a one is the hero of this little tale, which serves to show how we may unconsciously wreck the happiness of another.

A certain Freshman had formed an attachment for a Senior. The attachment was not reciprocated, it is hardly necessary to state, since the Senior did not know of its existence. The Freshman had worshipped from afar. He had observed the authority the Senior's words had among his fellows; he had seen the look

of deference members of the faculty exhibited when they met him; and most of all, he envied the high stand which he took in the good graces of the town maidens. All these points were carefully noted by the Freshman, and he said to himself, "Some day I will be a great and good Senior." But alas!

He had wandered one night, after an evening's grind, far into the country. The harvest moon brightened his path, and his active fancy was throwing a bridge over three years of his future, when he was startled by sounds of revelry. He looked into the adjoining field and beheld a barn, through the cracks of which he could see that the building was lighted up. How well he could picture the interior! How often he had participated in similar scenes! The piles of corn, the gallant youths, the jugs of cider, and the pretty maidens, — in fancy he saw them all. Although he could not participate in their joy, he would at least view it. And in an instant he is over the fence and stumbling through the ploughed field which reaches to the side of the barn. He stoops and applies his eye to a convenient knot-hole. He sees within a crowd of men, their coarse features intensified by the

excitement they are experiencing. Every eye is focussed upon the two combatants in their midst. On the other side from him, his features clearly shown by the light of an overhanging lantern, his hair dishevelled, his scholarly brow wrinkled by the interest he feels, watch in hand, is the exemplary Senior. He is timing a dog fight!

An insuppressible lump rose in the Freshman's throat, and with tears in his eyes he withdrew his gaze from a scene which had blotted the light out of his life.

JOHN A. THOMPSON.
Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A College Revery.

WILL that bell never ring? Time must be up. I am ashamed to look at my watch again. He saw me last time and I haven't done anything but gape for the last twenty minutes. I am positively the sleepiest man that ever dozed in a college class-room. Any one but a fool would have cut — except myself, with twenty-nine already after my name. By Jove! I must pay attention. He is apt to call on me any

time. Look at those girls in the front row. Girls? Well, perhaps! Anyhow, they write away as though they were taking down every word. Great Scott! That was a narrow escape. He looked at me twice before he asked — I'm next. What was that question? "What was the next act of Peter the Great?" His — what was it? Ask me? Hang Peter the Great! What is my next act? That is much more to the point. That bell must be broken again. Just my luck. I've got to say something — flunked yesterday. Bluff? Yes, I will bluff a lot when I haven't caught a word for the last half hour. What's that he said about Poland? What can I say about Poland? Well, I will! Hear that "Grad" apologise because he looked the fact up in only three authorities. Ha! ha! Help! He's looking at me again. See that twinkle in his eye! Knows he's got me. Confound these courses that are neither recitations nor lectures — don't give me any more of this half and half. My name! Well, here's for a bluff or a flunk — Ah! There goes the bell! Saved again!

T.

University of Chicago Weekly.

Uncle Bill's Opinions.

I. ON INTEMPERANCE.

YES, children, drink is a bad thing; indirectly it was the cause of Uncle Jake's death. I'll tell ye how it happened.

On his fortieth birthday he gave one of them there swell birthday parties, and he had a big cake with forty candles a-burnin' on it, — one candle fur each year of his life. Wal, yer uncle got to drinkin' and drinkin', till finally he drank so gol durn much that he got to seein' double, and the next time he looked at that birthday cake he counted eighty candles instead of forty, and he died of old age, — all due to likker, children, all due to likker.

II. ON ATHLETICS.

WHAT! let you children go an' see them thar college students play football? Never! Why, that game is the most brutal and dangerous game, by gosh, that was ever invented. I'd sooner let you walk under a ladder on

Friday with thirteen black cats a-folleren behind you.

Why, jest to show you how all-fired dangerous football is, take the case of yer cousin Silas, who died before you was born. He was down in the big city a-walkin' peaceably along, when a wagon come a-thunderin' down the road like hellbentfurelection, an' jest as Silas was crossin', the gol ding thing swooped down on him an' busted his leg fur life, by gosh! We found out afterwards that that wagon was comin' from a football game, and that goes to show how all-fired dangerous the game is. That was back in '52.

They didn't play football then, you say? Wal, if they had, that wagon would probably have been comin' from the game jest the same, 'cause the driver always was fond of sports. Anyhow, it proves that it ain't no fit game fur you children to see.

Princeton Tiger.

On a High Stool.

If your train stopped long enough, and you knew the customs of the place, you hurried down behind the station to the little German's,

where they sold rye bread and "delicatessen." There you sat on a high stool, with your eye on the clock, and ate the most delicious sausages, all hot and spicy, and drank the mustiest of ale, with your rye bread in among the swallows; until the blue-eyed waiter looked out of the window and said: "Dot engin' is boggin' oop." Then you took one last, big mouthful, grabbed your change, and ran.

Harvard Advocate.

Little Tommy Atkins.

It was his very, very dirty face which first attracted me; that, and his brass buttons. He was devouring a large and greasy sandwich. After he had pitched the crust over the railing into the water, he came over and sat down near me.

"Are you all alone?" I said, pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am. I am on my way home from school."

It was then the last week in August. I started, and gazed at him in amazement.

"School! What school?" I gasped. Vague visions of reformatories passed through my mind.

"The Cadet School of San Francisco," he answered, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh!" I said. "A long vacation?"

"A month, and I'm home only two weeks of that, for it takes me a week to come and a week to go."

I looked at the dirt on his face and believed him.

"I'm going to be a sailor," he continued, seeing that I was interested. "My father is second lieutenant on the *Texas*. He gets thirty-two dollars a month."

He paused a moment to see how that would impress me, and then continued: "My oldest brother is in the navy, too. I've got a brother in the army, and I've got a sister who is a Red Cross nurse. She's in Cuba. My mother and the kids stay home."

I felt like asking how, in that case, he happened to be in San Francisco at school, but wisely refrained. Instead I asked him quite as foolish a question, — if he ever got seasick.

"I ain't a girl," he said, calmly, but not impertinently. I never felt so keenly the inferiority of my sex as at that moment. So

I changed the subject by asking him why he wished to be a sailor.

His little homely, freckled face lighted up. "The United States needs sailors," he said, "so I am going to be a sailor."

Could there be a stronger oath of allegiance to country than that?

When the boat reached the dock in New York, "I'm almost home," he said. "We live in Hoboken. I wish vacation was longer. I see my mother only two weeks during a year, you know."

The crowd was pushing toward the gang-plank.

"Good-bye, Tommy Atkins," I said.

"My name's Nelson Farrigan," he started to say, when a big man stepped behind him, and I saw him no more. But I call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

MARY H. FISHER.

Wellesley Magazine.

Three O'clock, A. M.

THE theatre was just out and I was standing on Harrington corner waiting for a West Side car. The city hall clock was striking eleven.

As the crowd surged by me I felt something pushed into my palm ; my first impulse was to close my hand, the next to see what my prize was. It proved to be a crumpled piece of paper, and in the half light from a drug store I made out the following :

" Meet me here at three to-morrow morning."

There was no signature.

The problem of standing in a foot of floor space and balancing in a swinging car by a strap, kept me so busy that I forgot my queer letter till I was comfortably settled before the cheerful fire in my room. Feeling through my pockets for a match, I came across the crumpled missive. I examined it closely and saw that it was written in a strong hand on good paper. Although not an expert, I felt convinced that it was a man's writing. Now, who in the world could want me at three in the morning! No one that I could think of; and being of an imaginative nature I had soon made up a beautiful story. The clock striking twelve aroused me. " Come," said I, " I must get a little sleep if I am going to keep my appointment." I had determined to see it through. I did not

go to bed, but set my alarm clock at 2.30, and wrapping myself in a blanket, was soon sleeping on the couch.

The discordant jangle of the alarm seemed out of place in my dream of a summer sailing party, but I jumped up, and by quarter of three I was ready to start. I had put on a pair of old knickerbockers, a heavy sweater to guard against the chill of the fall morning, and a small cap. I had debated whether to take a revolver or no, but decided in favour of a stout hickory stick which I had cut years ago in the mountains.

I could not suppress a low laugh as I carefully let myself into the quiet street. The electric lights went out just as I turned into Pleasant Street, and over Newton Hill I could see the rim of the moon disappearing. Not a living being was in sight, and the night seemed to grow darker every minute. I crossed Main Street and took my place on the corner just as the clock began to strike three. The last stroke was dying away when some one touched my arm. I jumped, for I had heard no one come up. It was Tom Finegan, the night policeman, who had disturbed me, and who said,

in a gruff voice, "Well, you came, did you?" "Yes, I've come. What do you want me for?" Tom was six feet four, a lean, lank Irishman with a bulldog jaw, and twinkling blue eyes, the kind that sometimes turn hard and glitter like steel; when they do, wise and understanding men stand from under. At the present moment, as near as I could see, an almost infantile smile shone over his face as, in answer to my question, he said, "I've got something to show you." I looked at him carefully, but could get no clue from his face. "Well, hurry up," I said. We started down Main Street at a good pace and turned up Foster.

The old rink loomed up large and dark, and in the deep shadow I saw a team. In a moment we had reached it. It was the "Hurry-up" wagon. "Get in, sir," said big Tom, and, being too surprised to resist, I was helped up the steps by a powerful shove. "What in the name of thundering blazes is this for?" I thought, as we rattled over the rough street. I looked at Tom, but his face was fixed as a sphinx. I had just made up my mind to ask him, when we stopped about a hundred yards from the Union Depot. A familiar voice sounded

out of the darkness, "How do you like riding in the patrol wagon?" It was my friend Billy Williams, the detective. I began to expostulate, but couldn't well continue angry at Billy when he went on: "You know last week you said you wondered how people felt when they rode in the 'Hurry-up,' so I gave you a chance; and you wanted to see how a man acted when he was trying to get away from the law and was arrested suddenly. Tom Southard, the New York forger, is going through on the 3.40 express, and we are going to nab him. Come on. I knew you would want to come, and it was too good a chance to give the go-by."

Billy is a good fellow, but I can't say that I think he has a very delicate sense of humour.

JOHN GREGSON, JR.

Bowdoin Quill.

Poor Little Reginald.

I HADN'T seen Mrs. Peter, young Mrs. Peter, I mean, since Easter. That was nearly six months before, and in six months, I protest, one may be forgiven for forgetting a great many things.

We conversed for some little time about commonplaces not worth the repeating.

"You remember little Reginald?" inquired Mrs. Van Holt at last, with a plaintive droop of the voice.

I hesitated long enough to review mentally a squadron of yellow-haired and leather-belegginged Little Lord Fauntleroys who belonged, severally, to the young married ladies of my acquaintance. Was there a Reginald among them? I thought so. Still — "You cannot have forgotten Reginald, I am sure," she added, a little reproachfully, with emphasis on the "sure."

"Certainly not," I answered, quickly; "who could forget the dear little fellow?"

"We lost him last summer," said she, sadly.

"I cannot express how your words grieve and surprise me," I hastened to say. "It is very strange that I did not hear of it. Was he ill long?"

"He wasn't ill exactly, — I shouldn't say," she replied, pensively. "He died of internal injuries, the doctor said."

"An accident?" I suggested, sympathetically.

"Yes, he was run over by a cab in front of the house, and died a few hours later."

"How dreadful!" I exclaimed. "What a shock it must have given you, Mrs. Van Holt."

"I am sure it did. Indeed, Peter said it was wrong for me to take it so much to heart as I did. He said it was a sin; but I don't think it was, do you?"

"The duty of restraining one's grief at the losses of those one loves, is a duty more honoured in the breach than in the observance, I fancy," said I. I felt quite proud of that remark. For a man not given to making moral reflections, it seemed to me rather good.

"Now you are laughing at me," cried Mrs. Van Holt, pettishly. "You men have no feeling, any of you."

"You wrong me, I assure you," I protested, vehemently. Peter Van Holt might be a brute, but I was not. "You wrong me deeply," I continued, "in believing for a moment I would scoff at maternal affection, that purest —"

I stopped. There was something like a smile lurking in Mrs. Van Holt's features. Then I realised my blunder. I was furious. How, in Heaven's name, could a man be expected to

remember all the miserable little curs that foolish women might choose to lavish their affections upon?

"We have been having beautiful weather for the last few days, have we not?" said Mrs. Van Holt, sweetly.

PERCIVAL HENRY TRUMAN.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Lunches.

IT is amusing to watch the different characteristics of the girls in one class as shown by their lunches. One girl, who is very particular in her manners and conversation, has a small, neat lunch-box with each article wrapped up separately in white tissue-paper. Her bread sandwiches, about half the size of ordinary ones, are nearly as thin as chips. A hearty, whole-souled girl usually sits beside her, and their lunches are as different as the girls themselves. The latter has a large leather box filled with good substantial sandwiches, fat pickles, and usually a generous piece of pie, the size of which fairly makes one hungry. These are packed neatly in a big, snowy napkin. There is another lunch

that is particularly characteristic of its owner, who is one of these restless, high-spirited girls, always rushing from one thing to another. Her grapes and cake are usually mashed together in a confused state at the bottom of the box, while a large heavy apple stands boldly on top of the wreck, regardless of consequences.

E. M. T.

The College Folio.

Her Key.

"ARE you sure this is the right key?" The girl on the steps stopped humming the Babbie Waltz long enough to answer:

"Of course; I got it of Miss R—— and signed my name all regular and proper."

"Sure you didn't make a mistake and bring your gym. key? Smallest door-key I ever saw," he growled, as he lit another match and with wonderful self-control silently bent his knees again and tried once more to fit the key into the gloomy lock. Ten minutes more; and then:

"Really, Mr. Van Wycke, haven't you got that door open yet! Is this the first time

you've ever been to St. Nancy's Hall?" This was superfluous, considering the extremely few nights that he had been anywhere else.

"Let me try it," confidently. He silently handed it over.

After a few minutes she said, "Why, what do you suppose *is* the matter?"

"Where did you get the key?" asked Mr. Van Wycke, calmly.

"I asked Miss R—— for a night key; told her where I was going, with whom, what I was going to wear, and all the topics of conversation, — she was writing a speech and just gave me this, and I hurried out without looking at it. I had kept you waiting so long, you know."

"That's nothing very unusual! I'm getting used to that. Where does Miss R—— keep the latch-keys?"

"In a cunning little box just —"

"Locked?"

"Yes, with a little padlock."

"Then she gave you the key to the box and thought you were clever enough to unlock the cunning little box yourself to get your key, and you —"

"And I just took the padlock key and

thought it was the door-key! Isn't that a joke?" and she laughed as if it really was.

"And now, my dear young friend, how are you going to get in?"

"Mercy! How am I?"

"Shall I ring?"

"Who would answer it? Do you suppose the maids are up at one o'clock at night!"

"Won't some of the girls hear you and come down?"

"They'd think it was the rising bell and sleep right on." How warm and light the beautiful old hall looked between the maroon curtains across the square plate of glass in the big door.

"Well, we might sit down on the steps awhile," said Mr. Van Wycke, cheerfully. "Perhaps some one will come. Besides, this is a good time for you to answer that question."

She was gazing interestedly over at Haskell, looming dark against the windy sky. "Did you ever notice the crosses on the tops of all these buildings?" she asked, innocently.

"Now, Florence, what's the use of waiting till you're graduated? July is three months off. You can answer me now just as well as

then. We'll play this is July, if you insist on July."

"Oh, no, we can't! It's against the University rules, and besides, I — I think I'm taking cold."

"You are! We've got to get into this house! Would it scare the St. Nancy maidens to death if I should throw pebbles against their windows?"

"No, because there isn't any one on the second floor this vacation, except Barbara, and she's afraid to stay alone on the second."

"We must find some way. You can't stay here on the door-step all night," energetically.

"No, Miss R—— wouldn't approve."

"I can't take you to the Del Prado this time of night — really, my dear girl, this is serious."

"We might put a ladder against the fire escape," she offered.

"I forgot to bring a ladder to-night. Are you cold? Let me have your hands."

"Or wake up Kelly," she continued. "Oh, I know!" suddenly. "The night watch! He has a key; go find him — no I'm not cold."

"Well, I'll go; but, Florence, you'll tell me before July, won't you?"

"Let's see; you're a graduate student, and it isn't against the rules unless they are undergraduates." He made a sudden motion. "No, no. Go find the watchman! It's nearly two o'clock!"

FANNY CRAWFORD BURLING.
University of Chicago Weekly.

In the Reading-room.

Now and then, in the noise of scraping feet and squeaking chairs, there came a momentary silence which filled the whole reading-room; a silence as if each reader were looking up from his book and wondering at the stillness of every one else. Then the feet of some late-comer pattered on the iron steps, and the readers buried their heads again under the green lamps.

Men shifted their feet on the cross-beam underneath the desks. Near me a nervous student, writhing with the weariness of sitting still, dealt a shrewd kick to the shins of his invisible opposite; above the yellow, wooden partition rose two heads at once, — one aggressive, one apologetic.

Books began to be shut noisily; the gaps in the bright red rows on the shelves began to be filled up; down the stairs men went plunging, two steps at a time; and soon the attendant, who went about snapping with metallic clicks the screws of the electric lights, stopped short, and in a high, sing-song voice called out, "Library closed!"

Harvard Advocate.

Seen from the Road.

THE weather-beaten cabin stood ten or twelve feet from the driveway. The space between was an arid desert on a small scale, and was peopled by a little black boy of about three years, who was playing at "parlour car conductor," I imagined, for as he trotted his tiny black feet about, he would call out: "Par car dis way! Par car dis way!" Presently a large negress appeared in the doorway with her arms akimbo and great beads of perspiration upon her forehead. Her hair was bound tightly back with a red bandanna, knotted on the top of her head, while round gold rings glittered in her ears. She watched the boy a moment, and

then said, slowly: "Look yere, Ebennizer, ef yo' don' wan' to sunstruck yo'se'f, yo' better come in de house!"

CHARLES OTIS JUDKINS.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

The Love of Lop-Ear.

TOMAS and Sesena had lost a burro. For a week the swarthy Chollos had followed burro tracks through the dense brush, but without finding the missing Lop-Ear.

Every one within ten miles of the Juarez *tienda* knew that the travellers were looking for "one *burra vieja*, very thin, very sore-backed, one ear lopping over, very close hobbled."

At last word came that a *vaquero* had seen their burro fourteen miles to the south. "*Pendejo animal!*" exclaimed Tomas, "all times does that wife of the devil walk, walk, walk, back for Santa Rosalia."

Before sun-up the next morning the travellers were on their way down the valley, and dusk was falling when they returned, this time driving the miserable little animal before them.

Poor, wretched Lop-Ear! Of all the victims of Mexican cruelty your lot is the hardest. But the greasy loungers hanging around the *tienda* had nothing but laughter and jokes for the misery of the little beast that shambled by, never even wincing when Tomas prodded her bleeding flanks or when Sesena's club fell on her protruding hip-bones.

Tomas, who presently came back for some *panoche*, said to the storekeeper in jerky, excitable Spanish:

"We come from Santa Rosalia, nine hundred miles to the south. That child of evil had one colt too young to travel, so we left him behind. Now all the time she wants to go back. We hobble her when we stop to make coffee, and she starts back for Santa Rosalia. We tie her up, and she eats nothing, but stands at the end of her *riata* and looks with her one ear, back toward Santa Rosalia. Her hobbles wear her ankles to the blood, but when we camp at the day's end, she walk, walk, walk all night for Santa Rosalia," and without waiting for the polite condolence of the *tiendero*, he took his package and hurried on after Sesena.

In the morning they were up betimes, and

making ready to continue their journey. Lop-Ear cringed nearly to the ground when they placed the heavy *carga* on her festering back, and then, with pitiful apathy, stood limply while her masters threw all their strength into tightening the lash-ropes. With short, weak steps, she followed the jack along the trail that crossed the narrow, pine-clad ridge and zigzagged down the abrupt mountainside to the level of the cactus desert that spread out below.

Every burro is a marvel of vitality, but even burro-vitality has a limit, and the jump-offs, cat-steps, and sliding places of that precipitous trail tried the failing powers of the worn-out animal to their utmost. Lop-Ear was barely able to stagger along when at last she made her way through the iron-woods to the water-hole at the edge of the desert.

Tomas looked up at the rugged mountain as he loosened her pack-ropes, and said with a satisfied grin :

"I guess this night Lop-Ear won't start back for Santa Rosalia."

"*Quien sabe?*" replied his companion. "You'd better hobble her, anyway."

Night soon fell, and the Mexicans, too tired

to enjoy their after-supper cigarettes, spread their blankets on the warm sand and fell asleep.

The sun was high over the desert when Sesena awoke, and it was not till he had made a fire and mixed the flour for the *tortillas* that Tomas arose and went out after the burros.

In a short time he returned driving the jack, — Lop-Ear was not to be found.

After considerable talking and shoulder-shrugging, the exasperated men ate a hasty breakfast and started out to search for the missing animal. Presently Tomas found her tracks.

"Aah-oo-oo-aah," he yodled.

"Aah-oo-oo-aah," answered Sesena, and was soon at his companion's side. There on the smooth, white sand he saw where Lop-Ear, with her little two-inch steps, had started back for Santa Rosalia.

"She can't be up there," he said, staring blankly at the rugged mountainside.

"There are her tracks," replied Tomas.

Yes; there were her tracks, and a few yards up the hill lay the rawhide thong they had tied around her ankles. Clotted hair on the jagged rocks showed where she had fallen and had

struggled out of her hobbles. Well, there was nothing to do but to follow her.

Up, up they clambered. Half-way to the top they found blood-soaked hairs on the loose stones at the bottom of a slide.

"Wife of the devil!" muttered Tomas. "Look where she fell."

The shadows of the mountain were stretching far out across the desert, and the Mexicans had worked their way nearly to the top of the range. They were hurrying now, for they were afraid that Lop-Ear would gain the dense underbrush of the plateau. Suddenly they heard a clatter among some jagged ledges a half-mile above.

"Hurry, or we lose her," panted Sesena, and the men redoubled their efforts. At last the beetling crags were gained. Then at a sudden turn in the trail they came upon Lop-Ear. There, where she had fallen back from a sharp flight of cat-steps, lay the little mother; her head sunk between the poor maimed legs that were still gathered as though about to rise and struggle on toward the foal at Santa Rosalia.

H. F. Coolidge.

Stanford Sequoia.

How I Recovered.

MONDAY morning I caught a cold. Tuesday morning I went to a homœopath. He looked at my tongue and gave me some Purity Kisses. Wednesday morning I went to a surgeon. He tapped my chest, examined my bowels by means of the X-ray, gave me a drink made of checkerberry and assafœtida, and told me to boil my feet in hot water. Thursday I went to an allopath. He felt of my pulse and said, "My son, you have got whooping-cough; don't go near any babies." But I got no better. Friday I left off smoking. Now I am all right.

Harvard Advocate.

A Filibustering Father.

"No," said the captain, in his slow "down-east" drawl, "sence mother died, father don't care for nothing but filibustering. There's a pile of money in it, too."

We were beating down the lower bay aboard a small cutter. The rest of the party were sitting forward, but I had stayed aft to talk to

the captain, a long acquaintance with him having taught me that he never failed to be a delightful companion.

"Seems a kinder pity," he went on, presently; "father'd be a rich man now, if he didn't drink up every cent he made."

I admitted that this was to be regretted.

"He most got ketched last winter," the captain continued, a faint smile illuminating his usually expressionless countenance. "They fitted out a vessel up to Brooklyn. Guess I know the firm that done it, too. Folks got kinder suspicious when they see father waiting round, and began to ask where she was a-going, so father, he jest made up his mind that he'd meet her down to Baltimore, where they was a-going to take the ammunition aboard. That was all right enough. Father he went down there and waited until she come into the harbour one evening; then he was a-going to get the stuff on her quick, and get away before morning. Well, one way or another, the Spanish consul got wind of it, and when father went down to the dock about twelve o'clock one night, he found two men there, with orders not to let any one lay a finger to the ammunition,

and to arrest any one who tried it. They was a-going to hold her till they found out more about her. That didn't suit father. There's some men would have gone back to New York. Filibustering, you get half your money when you undertake the job, and half when you deliver your cargo. Some men would have been content with the half of the money, but father ain't that sort. He sat and talked with them two for awhile, then he jest hired a row-boat, and rowed out to the vessel, and brought back four of the crew. They was all big men, and father he told them on the way how to gag a man before he gets a chance to holler, though I reckon they knew it before he told them. He brought them up to the men who was on the dock, and they all sat around on them barr'ls as sociable as you please. After awhile father he feels in his pockets and brings out a couple of ten-dollar bills.

"'Say,' says he, 'there's a dock about a mile away from here, and if you two was to go and watch there you'd have less work and make more money.'

"They said they guessed they'd stay where they was, and they began to get ugly, so father

jest passed the word to his four men, and I don't rightly know how they done it, but the next morning that boat and that ammunition and them two men, they was all on their way to Cuba. Anyway, that's what father says, but I wouldn't be surprised if the men never got much farther than the bottom of the harbour. Father's real self-willed when you cross him."

ALICE DUER.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

Duets.

Two met on a highway. "Go no farther!" said one.

"Know you not who I am?" said the other. "I go where I list; I am Love."

"You can go no farther," said the first. "I am Death."

"I will grant you two desires," said Life to the youth. "What would you?"

"I am blind," said the youth. "Open my eyes." And Life did so.

"Now what is the other wish?" asked Life.

"Make me blind again," answered the youth.

"I have found the secret of the universe," said one.

"And I, too," said the other.

"But you are only a lover," said the first.

"And you are only a scientist," answered the second.

ARTHUR LAWSON GOODWILLIE.
Williams Literary Monthly.

Chapel.

THE great bell clangs out through the morning air, sending its summons over the white-crusted campus. The slippery walks are crowded with black figures moving toward Taylor Hall, single, in groups of twos and threes, wrapped close with shawls and hoods, half of them umbrellaless. Voices fall as they enter, and amid friendly jostling around the bulletin-board and in the cloak-room, whispered greetings are exchanged. Then up-stairs to the silent chapel, with its white windows made whiter by the frost. The black mortar-boards nod their tassels in cheery greeting; subdued talk between neighbours fills the room with a low hum. A sudden hush; the talk stops; the heads are still; a moment's

pause, and the service has begun. All are together for once in the day, with no distinction of class or grade. All are alike children, and children of Bryn Mawr. At the close of the prayer another moment's silence. Then a sudden movement. The bell clangs out again. A general rush to classes, to the office, to one's room. The day has begun.

L. S. B.

The Bryn Mawr Lantern.

A Bargain.

The painter's wife had come all the way up to the studio; her soft hair and quiet unobtrusive little face looked pale and monotonous in the gray north light from above. The painter softened his brushes in a tin of turpentine, and laid them away. He glanced across the big bare room at the slender figure and raised his eyebrows.

"I came up to get you, Jim — if — if you are coming home to supper," she said.

"I'm sorry you took that trouble," he answered, "I'm dining out. I thought I told you."

"I know, Jim, but I was so lonesome. I read till I was tired, — I was reading 'Tess,' you know, — and I got nervous and fidgety, and I went to see Mrs. Taylor on the floor below, and — and — I wondered whether you wouldn't have supper home to-night. You haven't for four days. Why, Jimmy, your model sees more of you than I."

"You have given yourself rather a needless journey, then, because I am promised for this evening. I'm glad you satisfied your suspicions, though. I sent her home an hour ago — if you care to take my word, that is."

"Oh, oh! How can you say such nasty things! I only wanted to have you home this one evening. You aren't very good to me now, Jim, I think. And I have such a nice hot supper, and that salad you like. You used to say — "

"Spare us the description, please, Nellie. I am really very sorry." He took off his working blouse. "There's nothing else, is there? If you'll excuse me, I will clean up."

"I'm going in a minute, Jim. I didn't mean to interrupt you. I am afraid I spoiled a sitting yesterday, coming in. No, don't bother to come

with me. I know the stairs. Good-bye." She closed her lips firmly, and went carefully down the flight of narrow stairs into the street crowded with home-going shop people.

Three months later she went away with another man, who said he cared for her. He died, it seems, and no one has heard of her since. However, such pictures as Jimmy's cannot be had for nothing. For my part, since I have seen "The Harvesters," and that study of a "Girl in Gray," and "The Greatest of These is Charity," — the last and finest of all (I saw that at the Metropolitan with its salon number fresh in the corner), — I can only think the world had all the best of the bargain.

JOHN SAUNDERS OAKMAN.

Williams Literary Monthly.

A Comedy.

IT was near the end of the evening, and in the big ballroom was to be observed that semi-demoralisation that comes with the small hours, when one's cotillon partner is off somewhere talking to some one else and some other person is talking to you. A rollicking polka was being

played and flushed faces and merry tongues told plainly that hearts were light as well as feet. A dark-eyed girl with a bewitching knot of red velvet in her hair, and a big bunch of violets at her waist, was talking earnestly to a rather tall young man, irreproachably dressed and remarkably depressed in appearance. His white-gloved hands toyed nervously with his watch charm, and his lips were compressed in anything but an amiable manner.

"And so our pretty day-dream topples over," said the girl, trying to laugh a little as she spoke. Her smile found no answer in her companion's face.

"Yes," he answered, "like all that is worth having in life, it topples over when you are almost sure of it. What a dog's existence it is, to be sure."

"Ah, no," said the girl, leaning forward, "do not say that. She is a charming girl. You will be happy —"

"Happy?" he echoed, bitterly; "I might have been happy with you, but not with her. I thought I loved her, but I found it was like all thought,— fleeting. Oh," he added, more

vehemently, "it cannot be. There must be some way out of it. I love you —"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, softly. A girl in white was passing; a girl with great hazel eyes and a superb figure.

"I love you," he went on, "and you alone. Can't we do something?"

"No," she replied, "we can't. You would not want to throw her over, and you know it. It is unworthy of you. Your engagement —"

"Yes, yes, yes," he broke in, fretfully, "I know, I know. You are right, as you always are. I must keep my word. There are too many broken engagements nowadays."

"When is the marriage?" she asked, softly.

"Easter Monday," said the man. "You must come, you know."

"Like a lamb at the altar," she answered.

A moment afterward she was whirled away by a pale young man with eye-glasses and a chronic smile.

"If I had known you loved me," said the girl with hazel eyes to her companion, "I don't think I would ever have contracted this engagement."

"Break it, then, break it," replied he, eagerly. "Must all our lives be ruined because you think you must keep your word and marry this man? Perhaps he does not love you. Who knows?"

"Why do you tempt me in this way?" she answered, half angrily. "Don't you suppose I know that he loves me, and knowing it, would you have me break the engagement and his heart at the same time? I tell you I must marry him, and you must be content to know that you have my love and that I would marry you if I could."

It was a superb wedding, an irreproachable display of palms, a wedding-march by a famous organist, and a bishop to marry them. The bridegroom was not in the least embarrassed, and the bride's gown was perfection. What more would you have? As the happy couple turned to come down the aisle the groom felt almost contented. Had he not sacrificed himself for another; given up his own best longings to keep his faith with the girl at his side? There was a dark-eyed girl in the tenth pew who looked at him very curiously, and for the first time he seemed a trifle disconcerted.

However, that is transitory. He has accomplished the sacrifice of his life. Could anything be more satisfactory?

As for the bride, she is very pale. Women unfortunately cannot wholly conceal their feelings. But she smiles, and deep down in her heart is a feeling of pride at her own unselfishness. Of course it's hard, but at the same time it's heroic, and that little spark of self-adoration which is inherent in the feminine breast blazed up and sparkled merrily. Alas, he — neither of the *hes*, in fact — would ever know what she had done for him. There he was, half-way down the aisle. The bride trembled a little and looked down.

And so the church door closed behind them, and the two martyrs had taken the first step in married life. The world said it was a love match, and very successful, and the conclusion is that there is nothing like self-sacrifice, after all.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

From the Heights.

They were sitting side by side upon the Heights, where the spring sunshine, sifting through the leaves, lay in golden spots on the grass. The air was full of spring sounds, a soft, indefinite harmony, — the singing of hylas in the ponds, the twittering of birds, and the faint snapping sound that the pine-boughs make when the tiny needles burst through the winter sheath. The grass was powdered with spring-beauties. Far below them lay the city, with here and there a broad banner of smoke rising and stretching away over the intense blue of the sky. Beyond, a line of deeper blue revealed the lake.

They had not spoken for a long time. The girl's eyes rested on the distant horizon, and there was a look in their gray depths of intensest happiness, — happiness so intense as to be almost pain. His eyes were on her face. He was thinking how beautiful she was with the Madonna look in her eyes and the soft tendrils of her brown hair lightly touching her forehead. She seemed a long way from him, and he won-

dered whether he loved her. And she, with her eyes on the far horizon, where now and then a sail shone white in the sunshine, she was thinking of him. She heard the birds around her; she smelled the fragrance of springing grass and bursting buds; she felt the wonder of it all, but all the sensations of her soul were blended into one feeling of ineffable joy.

A woodpecker began to drum loudly on a tree near by, and half startled, the girl turned and met the man's eyes. It was only an instant that they looked at each other, but it seemed a long time to him before she dropped her eyes from his face. He was almost certain now that he loved her, and she — was realising that he did not.

The breeze, catching a fold of lace, blew it across her throat. The man leaned over her and laid his hand on hers, very gently. She shivered a little. "Come, let us go home," she said. And rising, they went down from the Heights together.

MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

College Folio.

The Ways of Woman.

"WHY is it always so hot when we want to play tennis?" I asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Patty, "but it is, isn't it?"

I assented. Patty leaned back in the wicker chair and fanned herself with her sailor-hat. Her cheeks were pink with exertion, and the saucy curls about her forehead were damp and bedraggled. We had just been partners in a set of doubles and had been badly beaten. Patty makes up in grace and a pretty appearance what she lacks in efficiency as a player.

"There's a dance to-night," I resumed; "shall I take you to it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Patty, with a great show of indifference. "I half promised to go with Tom, and I really ought, you know." She watched me with a malicious smile.

I don't think I ever hated Tom quite as much as I did then.

"Why, you said a while ago that you would never go to another with him, because he dances so poorly," I remonstrated.

"Really," said Patty, "I don't see that it matters if I don't go everywhere with you. I have concluded to go with Tom to-night," she added, decidedly.

I looked across the court, then an idea struck me.

"I'm very sorry," I said, "but I must leave you for a few moments. I must speak with Miss Henry," and I started to go.

Patty looked up in a startled way.

"You're not going to ask her, are you?" she queried.

"Why, yes," I said, "she's such a fine dancer, and so nice, you know."

"But she's got red hair," said Patty, as if that possession were a crime.

"Not red, auburn," I corrected, "and it's very pretty, too." I looked attentively across at the young lady in question.

"And she talks so loud. You're surely not going to ask her?" Patty seemed to be taking it quite to heart. "Why don't you let Tom take her? He usually does."

"But Tom's going to take you," the game was going my way, "and what would I do?"

Patty looked confused. "Why, you could take me."

"You're very good," said I, "but Miss Henry — "

"I'll tell Tom about it," rejoined Patty. "Don't you want to walk to the house with me?"

We rose and went slowly across the lawn to the piazza. Patty paused at the door. "And I'll be ready at eight," she said.

"Very well," I answered, "but since I have been so good, don't you think I deserve a reward?" I looked at her meaningly.

"Don't be silly," said Patty, and closed the door in my face.

SHERMAN ROBERTS MOULTON.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

A Stray Sympathy.

A THRONG of busy shoppers pushed and jostled one another good-naturedly, as they passed and repassed on Boylston Street. It was near Christmas time, as any one might know from the shop windows and the bundles and the good nature which pervaded the air.

On the sidewalk stood a small newsboy, his face distorted by the ridiculously pathetic weeping of childhood, his cheeks streaked with dirt and tears, the little hands which vainly offered the papers to each passer-by, blue with cold. An impostor, of course, as every one accosted by the tearful voice saw at a glance. But the face of the little lad crying, on the Boston streets, haunted one shopper for days. An impostor? Probably, but — it was Christmas time.

M. B. M.

Wellesley Magazine.

My Freshman.

To give up the joys of a quiet evening in company with a few kindred spirits, a box of Huyler's, and a big, delicious cake, and at the decree of a despotic Sophomore to invite a Freshman to the Sophomore reception, the night before the event was to take place; the thought was maddening! Poor thing! She had probably decided long before that she was not to be invited, and was doubtless quite reconciled to the fact. How disgusted she would be to find that she had been allotted to an unsympathetic Junior!

Number ten was dark, but I knocked and waited a moment; a match was scratched, then the door opened.

A large girl with red hair, and eyes red, too, from homesick tears, I imagined, confronted me. "Is this Miss St. Clair?" I asked. "Yes, ma'am," she answered. I had expected to wait so many years before being called "ma'am," that I forgot what I had planned to say next, and asked, abruptly: "Would you like to go to the Sophomore reception with me?" "Yes, ma'am," came the answer again. This was very embarrassing, and if the Freshman had not broken the spell by asking me into her room, I think that I should have risked the wrath of the Sophomore, and added, "Well, I am very sorry, but I am afraid I cannot ask you to go with me."

But after I had gone into her room, and told her all I knew about the reception, explaining when I would call for her, what my name was, and a few other necessary things, I felt very well acquainted. Yet when I was walking home, I could not think of a word she had said, excepting, "No, ma'am" and "Yes, ma'am." Oh, yes! Just as I was saying good night, she

looked up in a most pathetic way and said, "You are the very first Sophomore to call on me." And to tell the truth, I was too new a Junior not to have that a blow to my pride.

My touching tales of the homesick Freshman filled her programme very easily, and I reserved only the last two dances for myself. When the time for those came, I asked, "Shall we dance?" "Oh, yes," was the answer, and then she added, in a burst of confidence, "This is the first time I ever tried to dance in my life, and I can dance real well now, it is so easy." My adventures during that dance I am too kind-hearted to relate. While pinning up my skirt and attempting to soothe my ruffled feelings, I suggested that we sit out the next dance and talk.

It must have been near the end of the dance, when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had been doing all the talking, and it seemed only fair for her to begin, so I asked her about her plans for Mountain Day.

"You are anticipating a perfectly delightful time to-morrow, I suppose?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Are you going far?"

"Oh, no."

"Are you going with a large party?"

"Oh, no."

"Where have you planned to go?"

"Nowhere."

This was discouraging. A Freshman who could neither dance nor talk. I wondered what she could do. It was not until yesterday that I discovered. Walking home from chapel behind two Freshmen, I overheard the following conversation:

"Isn't Jessemine St. Clair a prod?"

"Well, I should say so! She's the best basket-ball player in the Freshman Class, and you ought to see her vault the horse."

"Who took her to the reception?"

"Oh, some muff from the Junior Class, so Jessemine said."

"Isn't she droll?"

E. S. S.

Smith College Monthly.

Founded on Fact.

THE Woman of the World sat at the piano. The Boy stood beside her, bending down to her. The Woman of the World was playing Schu-

mann. Her throat and arms gleamed like warm marble in the soft candlelight, and the effect against the shadow was very lovely. Possibly the Woman of the World knew this. At any rate, she oughtn't to have allowed the Boy to stand there. Being a woman, she continued to allow him, but for a similar reason she compromised with her conscience and changed abruptly from the Schumann to a passionless, jingling two-step. The sacrifice was heroic.

"Why do you play that thing?" asked the Boy.

The Woman of the World made some answer. She wished she had no conscience and did not really like the Boy. He was big and muscular, with a face suggestive of all the cardinal virtues and Pear's soap. Lately there had come into his eyes a look that made her a little sorry. For she liked him, as has been said previously. The blow came before she had a chance to avert it.

"Claudia," the Boy said, — it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name, and he said it with a bashful tenderness, — "I love you; will you marry me?" the Boy bent very low, almost touching her hair with his lips.

There is always one subject that a man may be sure will interest a woman. There is always one statement that will not grow commonplace through frequent repetition. The love scenes are really the only ones in the comedy of life that most women enjoy acting for their own sake.

But Claudia liked the Boy; in fact, she liked him so well that she would have preferred putting her face on the cold white keys and crying; women are nothing if not illogical. Instead of such a bit of melodramatic bad taste, she laughed softly without looking up. "How absurd!" she said, as if he had made quite a clever remark — for a boy.

"My dear child," her tone was motherly, "I am ages older than you, — quite five years. You would never cease regretting that you had married me. I should be old and worn before you were in your prime. No, you must find some one else, who will adore you and make you perfectly happy, and I will come to see you to lend the dignity of age to your marriage."

"You are heartless," said the Boy between his teeth.

"Am I? Well, I don't agree with you, and in a year you and she will thank me."

"I can never love any one else."

"Quite the conventional remark under the circumstances. I should have felt quite hurt had you not said it. But it's nonsense all the same. Besides, I care for — some one else."

She told the lie with no apparent struggle.

He left her there in the shadow, still playing the noisy, blatantly cheerful two-step. He went too quickly to hear the music stop, with a sudden crash, and to see her turn with wide-stretched arms, with her eyes like dewy stars shining through her tears. And perhaps it was well for him that he did not.

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Williams Literary Monthly.

The Decision of a Moment.

HE had the reputation of being fickle. Perhaps he deserved it. There were those who said so. They had returned his ring. And there were those who did not say so. They hoped to wear his ring, for he was rich, handsome, and popular. He had been engaged three times, and twice it had been broken off. True, it was the girl each time, but then "no girl

could be expected to keep her engagement with such a —" and then the gossiping mothers would elevate their eyebrows, as much as to say, "Well, he would never have my daughter," just as if there were the ghost of a chance of his asking for her.

He was spending the summer at Bar Harbour, and had just run over to the Waumbek in Jefferson to meet an old friend and get a little change of air for a fortnight or so. There, as everywhere, he became a leader, organised the coaching party for the Bethlehem parade, led the cotillon, and was the moving spirit of the place, until one unlucky day, toward the close of the fortnight, she appeared.

Things changed. He who before had been so delightfully general in his attentions, now became pointedly specific. He was seen no more in his favourite haunts and company. He was her slave. She was rather tall, with a fine figure and a face remarkable not so much for beauty, which it had, as for expression, which it had perhaps to excess, and a pair of jet black eyes. Her eyes simply captured him and made him completely forget a little girl over in London, except when every other

day he began "My darling," and ended "Your own——."

But she knew nothing of this. And he — he could not or would not tell her. In the morning they played tennis, in the afternoon they would stroll up Mt. Jefferson, and see the sun set beneath the Franconian hills, away across the valley, and in the evening they would chat on the pretty colonial piazza and watch the moon rise over the Presidential Range.

His two weeks lengthened into three, then into four, and four into six, and still he stayed. His chum, on leaving, warned him.

"Pshaw," he answered, "not the slightest danger; merely a Platonic friendship. Why, my dear fellow, you don't suppose that it could go any further?"

He said much more; and his chum went away convinced that he would meet her on the *Majestic* as true as ever. But his words were stronger than his sense of duty, and his last night they had been later than ever before. The next morning he left, and she wore a new ring.

At first he wrote every day, and then every other day. His foreign correspondence suffered.

His letters followed her from Jefferson to Philadelphia. She "was to be in New York soon on her way to Boston," she wrote.

"Is that so? She of course will not, no, she must not, cannot think that I —" He stopped and thought hard for some minutes. She had every right to think almost anything.

As the time came nearer for the *Majestic* to sail, his letters across the water became more frequent, and his others less. He was getting worried.

At last she landed. She had cabled him to meet her. He had seen the ship reported, and he had not gone.

"There *must* have been a mistake," she said, and wired him, "Start for Rochester ten-thirty; come."

He received it in his den in the "Granada." He had hardly read it when the maid brought another.

"Why have you not written? Leave for Boston ten-thirty-five. Meet me."

It was now half-past nine. Plenty of time to catch either train. Which should it be? He leaned over to his desk and took out two photographs. They could not have been less alike;

the first, a stunning girl, evidently very dark with a striking face, and eyes a bit too audacious ; the second small, evidently a blonde, with a calm, sweet face, and large, appealing eyes. He looked long at both and then at his watch. Still time. Which, which, which, went whirling through his brain. As he looked at one, he saw the whole past summer in a flash, at the other, a year's close intimacy and a summer's correspondence. Once again he thought, long and hard, and determined to take the train for —— Just time. Throwing one picture into the fire, he piled his traps into a valise, seized a hat, and ran.

PHILIP BISSELL.
The Morningside.

Girl Correspondents.

THERE was a kick on the door, and without further regard for conventionality my friend Philebrown entered. Philly should have lived in Bluebeard days, when the manly costume was a succession of bath-robe effects, his favourite apparel being of that nature. He trailed in a yard or two of that style of garment, settled

himself before the fire, and having arranged his two sweaters, pensively smoked a cigarette.

I kept silence. Philly is ductile, but he prefers to draw out himself, as it were. Questions at best are vulgar things, unless tactfully managed.

"I've been looking over my letters," he burst out; then with an air of philosophic research added, in a perfectly illogical way, "Girls are mighty queer, aren't they?"

"They have been thought so by some men rather well up in that sort of thing, I believe, — there was Virgil and Shakespeare and —"

"Oh, that's all right," broke in Philly, "but you know they didn't know the girls I know." This was such an overwhelming argument that I forebore to resume the discussion. I merely drew up my chair near to Philly and the fire, lighted my pipe and assumed a blandly solicitous air, which I flatter myself I do rather well.

"Why is it that girls like to write to a fellow all the time?" he continued. "You do something for them, they write back a note that seems to want an answer, and the first thing you know you are deep in a regular correspondence. I don't like it, — that is, not all the time."

"There's that girl I met in the mountains last summer," he said, meditatively gazing into the coals; "terribly nice girl, — the one that wears my Glee Club pin, you know. Got a letter from her to-night; want to hear some of it?"

"Charmed, Philly," I answered.

"Well, I guess there isn't much in it to read, — something here about a 'sensitive conscience and a strong body' that I can't understand. What are you laughing at? Then she talks about 'heart-sickness,' and ends up in the usual way: 'I am still remembering where I received a certain pin, wearing it more than semi-occasionally, and often — well, not trying to forget a certain Amherst student.' Funny, isn't it?

"Here's one from another girl I know, — says, 'Harold, your letters are such a comfort to me and help me, so be sure and write regularly' — never saw her but once. I answered and told her that father kept me busy mowing the lawn and I couldn't find time for much correspondence. That's the only thing to do with such girls.

"Here's this — from a college girl I know.

"'DEAR HAROLD: — Do write me one of your jolly, lovely letters; they are so funny.

I showed the last one to my roommate, who said, "Isn't that perfectly dear!" So you see' — Oh, Jove, I didn't mean to read that —"

"Quite proper, Philly, my boy. It is fascinating; pray continue."

"Then there's the girl who insists on putting in questions that fuss a fellow awfully, you know, — says, 'Do you think me a very queer girl?' 'I am a strange friend, am I not?' 'We all say some things we ought not, what say you?'

"Now, what is a fellow going to say to such things? It is a mighty hard thing to answer, I tell you. The best thing you can do is to let those questions go, and tell her how sick your dog is, or how badly your golf stick is broken; they don't really want answers, it's their nature to keep their pens full of interrogation points."

"Philly," said I, "you're a philosopher, there's no doubt of it."

"Well," said Philly, as he languidly arose and flipped his cigarette into the fire, "it is hard to get along with the girls who want you to be a brother, and the girls who tell all the family secrets, and the girls who are heart-

sick, and the girls who are regular sweethearts — sometimes I wish — "

"No, no, Philly. No, you don't — the personal equation, Philly, you know — "

"Hum!" said Philly, as he slammed the door.

EMERY B. POTTLE.
Amherst Literary Monthly.

Glimpses.

FROM my window I watch men making bonfires of the autumn leaves. They are burning my summer. A pile of red leaves kindle, and a day in the woods is gone. A relentless shower of yellow, a smouldering flame, a puff of smoke — that means a close day of mist-hidden sun and silver fog. A crackle of crisp brown boughs, and a bicycle trip flares away in an instant. So they vanish as the blue smoke rises and circles. Only a pile of sodden gray leaves left, too wet to burn, — the rainy days are mine to keep.

M. E. C.

THE desk was very large, and the boy perched up beside it very small. His head was bent

over the sheet of paper, and the pencil moved slowly and with great difficulty over its surface. I watched the brave efforts for some time from my seat by the window, then walked across the room and leaned over the tiny student. One chubby hand seized mine, and pressed it against a soft cheek, a pair of bright eyes looked confidingly up at me, an unconscious sigh came from the parted lips, and a baby voice said, sweetly, "Dear cousin Em'ly, this is the darnedest pencil I ever struck."

E. B. C.

EVERY morning, as I pass on my way to college, she stands in the sunny window watering her flowers. I have never seen more than her head and arms, because the bank of foliage, green of all shades, rises about to her shoulders. The morning sun touches the soft gray hair, and brings into clear prominence, against the darkness of the room behind, the sweet graveness, almost solemnity, of the thin, old face. There is a calm preciseness about the way she raises the little red watering-pot that makes me feel as if the flowers were not living things to her, but a part of the day's duty. One day

she went to smell a big geranium, and the sun reflecting in the brilliant colour, threw a sudden glow over her pale cheeks, and I saw when she raised her head that her face wore a tremulous smile.

A. L. J.
Radcliffe Magazine.

A Christmas Dream.

It was such an impossible dream. She knew perfectly well that it must be a dream, but there was something about it that made it so real. At first she thought she was really awake, and that there was some one standing among the curtains at the window. She had never been afraid in her life and she reached over — or rather dreamed she did — and pressed the electric button. As the light sprang up, she saw that the figure at the window was Jack's, and Jack was really away off in Africa, so it was quite impossible. It was very plainly a dream.

Jack was standing quite still, tugging at his riding-gloves. It was remarkable how natural it seemed, except that people don't wear khaki uniforms and pith helmets in London at Christ-

mas time. Finally he said: "I suppose I shouldn't be here, you know." He was as much confused as if it were all real.

"I suppose you shouldn't," she said, laughing a little, "but it is all a dream, you see, and that makes all the difference in the world."

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "of course."

He came forward rather uncertainly and laid his gloves on the footboard of the bed.

"You see," he said, hesitatingly, "I've got something to tell you, Mildred, something rather queer, I'm afraid." He gave his head a little twist, as he always used to when he was nervous.

She laughed again. "Is it a story?" she asked. "I don't remember ever hearing a dream story. I hope it will be entertaining."

It was very rude of him not to smile, even though he was not real. He stood twisting his pith helmet rather awkwardly in his hands, looking at it so seriously. She hoped it was not going to turn out to be a bad dream.

"You see," he began, "I belong over in Africa by rights. By all natural courses I should be there now. It's an absurd thing for a man to be in Matabele-land one hour, and in London the next, isn't it?"

"Oh," she said, cheerfully, "they do all sorts of queer things in dreams, you know."

"So they do," said Jack, frowning into his helmet.

Through the window a faint suggestion of dawn was creeping. It was almost Christmas morning.

"This is the way it is," said Jack. "An hour or so ago I was in the bush with half a company. It was dark, and the darkness of the bush is something that is full of strange things you can't imagine. Some of the men were sleeping behind their little thorn rampart, and others were watching." He raised his eyes, and looked about him for a moment.

"They are there now — sleeping and watching, and I am here," he said.

She was leaning forward now, listening intently.

"I suppose I may as well be plain," he went on. "Outside of the thorns it is all black, and all around us in the blackness lie sand and bush, and two regiments of Zulus. When the day breaks they will wake up and begin to sing, and their white shields will be a wide, low ring, that will stretch north and south and east and

west without a gap. That will be our Christmas morning." She shivered a little as he paused.

Somewhere a clock ticked regularly.

"When it is light enough," he said, slowly, "they will begin to move forward, singing still, and coming faster and faster. Presently the air will be humming with spears." He stopped, and looked up for a moment.

"That is all," he said, finally.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, regretfully, "it is a bad dream, after all."

"Of course it is a dream," he said. "If it were anything else I would not be here to say good-bye to you. Perhaps it is just my dream alone, and when the men wake me at dawn, I may be the only one to remember. But you look so real to me, Mildred, almost as if it were no dream at all, that I wonder whether you will not remember, too. I don't know how I can express it — it seems so strange." He paused as if at a loss for words. "Awhile ago," he said, "I dreamed that I was walking in Belgravia. It was there I first saw you, wasn't it?" She nodded silently. "It seemed good to be in London again," he went on, "after the dirt and

work out there in the hot, dangerous thickets. It struck me as very pleasant."

The dawn was grayer at the windows.

"Presently I came to your house," he said, "and I knew it would be my last chance to see you, even in a dream." He turned quickly, and looked toward the growing light. "It's day-break!" he whispered. "Listen!" No sound but the clock ticking in the room.

"It is the singing," he said, quietly. "Do you hear it?" There was no sound. "Good-bye," he said, more swiftly. "In a moment they will be waking me." She did not stir.

"It is a dream," she kept whispering to her-self. "It is a dream."

"I have come so far for one word," he said, almost bitterly, "and now —"

She threw aside the quilted covers, and ran forward.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried.

The room was empty. She felt now that she was awake, but a strange, dull murmur, like the low singing of hundreds of voices, was in her ears. Then, suddenly, it was gone, and she looked slowly toward the bed. What she saw there turned her pale with a nameless fear, for

on the footboard lay two stained and yellow riding-gloves.

Outside in the morning air the Christmas chimes were ringing.

Princeton Tiger.

THE END.

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